Saturday Review

June 26, 1976 75¢

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUMMER

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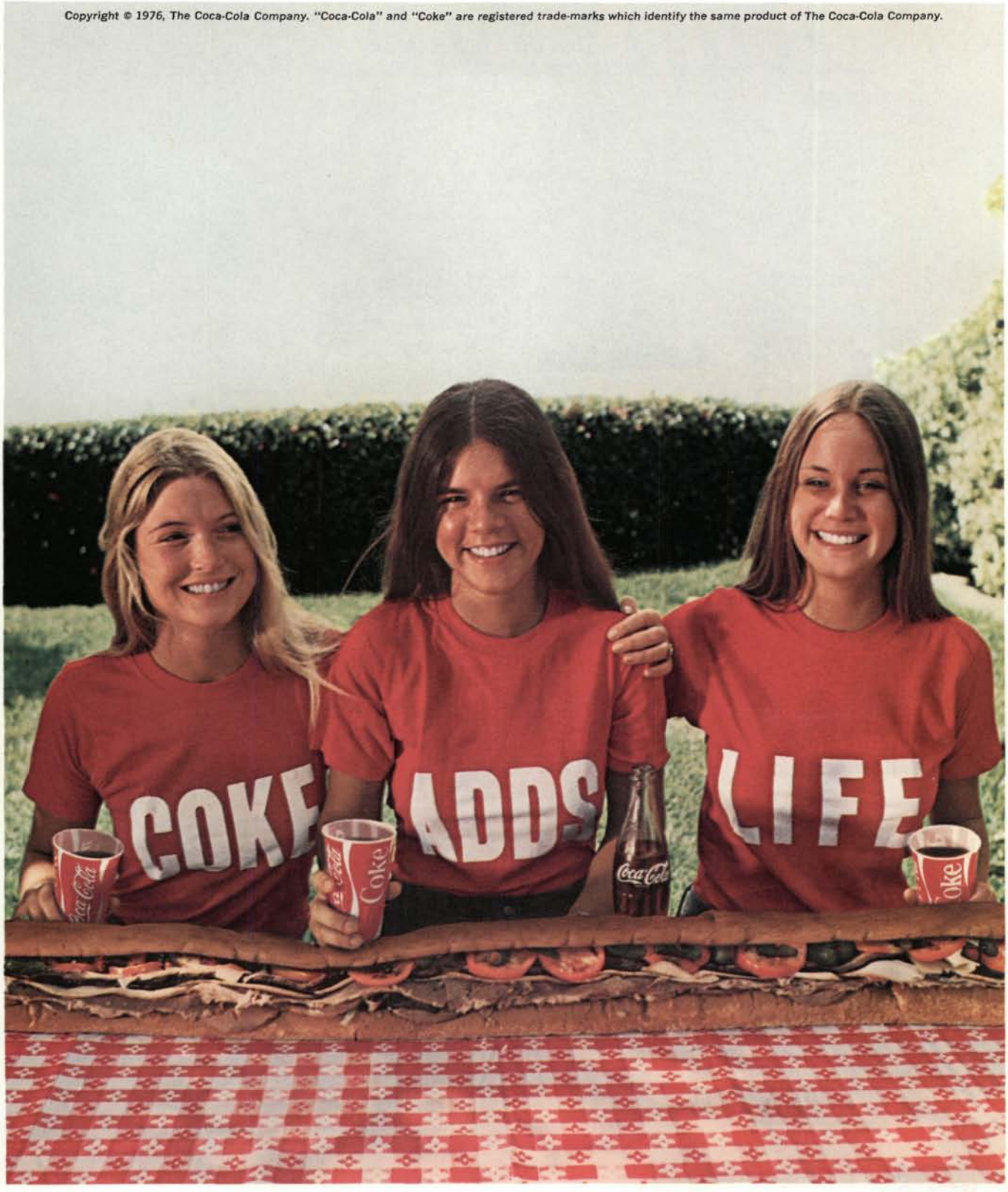

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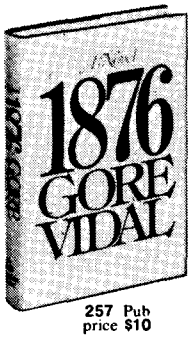

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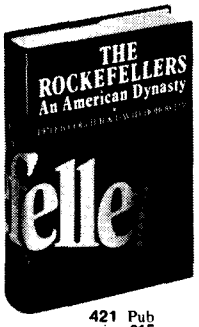

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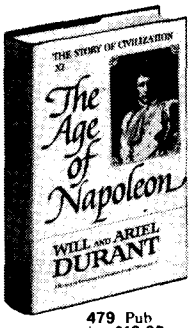

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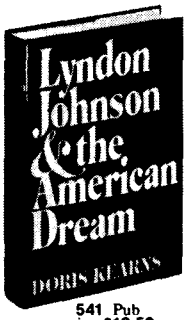

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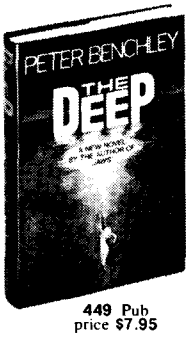

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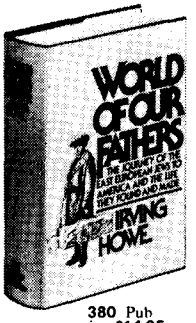

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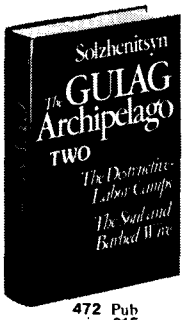

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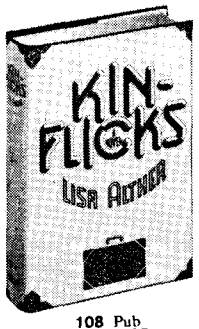

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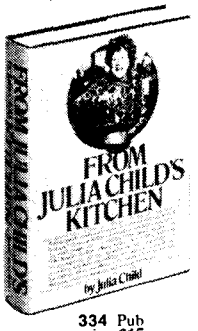

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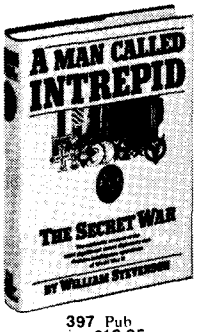

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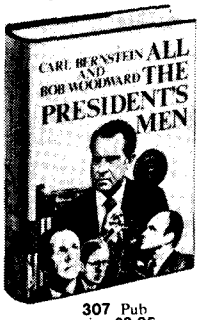

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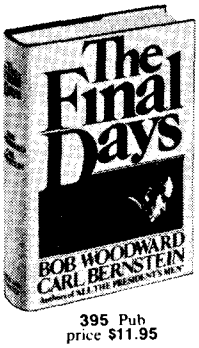

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America: Our next 100 years.

If you had it your way, what would you want our country to be like by the time of the Tricentennial?

Please tell us by completing this questionnaire.

It's not difficult; you can complete it in only a few minutes. But because it touches on so many aspects of our life, it can also take many days. And be prepared: some of the questions go to the very heart of the way we live and could possibly make you angry. That's not our purpose. We want your opinions.

It is our plan to publish the results of this survey in newspapers and magazines, and to report them on television.

Certainly, this is not a scientific study. We are merely trying to take the pulse of the nation in this important year. On the 200th anniversary of our nation, we think it is important to assure that the voice of the public—your voice—is heard loud and clear.

Please note that all ideas submitted shall become public property without compensation and free of any restriction on use and disclosure.

The Tricentennial

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1. In the future, I would like people to be able to retire at an early age.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
2. I would like to work 'til the day I die.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
3. I hope future Americans live in a communal setting, rather than in the traditional family unit.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
4. I believe education in the future should be career oriented.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
5. I want education to be concerned with liberal arts and culture.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
6. I want stronger Federal government.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
7. I would like stronger local governments.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
8. I hope that all legal disputes, except for criminal cases, will be settled by computer.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
9. I hope the government provides more aid to amateur athletics.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
10. The government should give more support to entertainment and the arts.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
11. I hope there is a resurgence of faith and a reaffirmation of the meaning of religion.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
12. We should replace individual autos with Public Transportation.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
13. I believe energy problems will continue at least until the year 2000.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
14. I would like communications to be so rapid and thorough that people can vote directly on all major government decisions.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
15. I would like Americans in the future to be less concerned about the rest of the world and more concerned with our own ability to maintain our standard of living.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
16. I feel the nation will be better when there is no racial, sexual or religious discrimination and all groups have equal power.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
17. I believe universal health care should become a right that is guaranteed by the government.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
18. I would like to keep the nation's population down through the use of mandatory birth control.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
19. Government regulations should limit the structure, size, and profits of all major corporations.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
20. I think big government is more desirable than big business.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
21. I want labor unions to be more strictly controlled.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
22. I believe there must be greater individual sacrifice to protect the environment.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.
23. Life in general will be better for the next generation of Americans.
AGREE ☐ DISAGREE ☐ NO OPINION ☐.

Please feel free to comment on these questions or any topic you wish on a separate sheet of paper.

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Editorial:

Good Luck to the World

The most original use of the public opinion polling device we have seen in a long time has just been completed by The Gallup Organization, Inc., of Princeton, N.J. More than 10,000 people on four continents were interviewed in their own languages. The questions were not political but philosophical and personal. The full results of the poll, which we have seen in a sneak preview, will be released later this month.

Perhaps the most interesting question asked by the poll is whether the respondents, generally speaking, feel they have been lucky or unlucky over the years. Here are the statistical comparisons:

	LUCKY %	UNLUCKY %	DK/NA* %
Scandinavian nations	86	6	8
USA	84	9	7
Canada	83	11	6
Great Britain	75	13	12
West Germany	59	26	15
Africa	63	21	16
India	49	45	6
Far East as a whole	47	40	13

*Don't Know/No Answer

What jumps out immediately from the figures is that, despite the prevalence of hunger, homelessness, joblessness, and disease, most of the world's people feel they have been more lucky than unlucky. The uncertainties of modern existence have not precluded an affirmative outlook on life. This in itself is a powerful and encouraging commentary on the human species at a time of vast new challenges. Basic changes are necessary in the attitudes of human beings toward their earth home. They are confronted with the need to outgrow the habit of war, to accept a new responsibility for the condition of their planet, and to develop institutions beyond the nation. It is therefore a matter of the greatest significance that most of the people on this earth believe there can be change for the better even if history and logic seem to be moving the wrong way.

Luck, of course, means different things in different places. An Indian's or a Pakistani's notion of luck would not be the same as an American's or a Scandinavian's. The average Indian has an annual income of less than $100. It is doubtful, therefore, that materialistic factors were predominant in the minds of the Indians who said they had been lucky in life. Being lucky, in the context of an existence defined by its limitations rather than its possibilities, would apply to a fairly narrow range of expectations. An Untouchable, for example, might regard his low station in life as pre-determined and therefore beyond human intervention. When he says he has been lucky, he may mean that he is fortunate to be able to atone for the offenses in a previous lifetime through his misery in this one.

Eighty-four percent of the American people believe they have been lucky—a fact that appears to contradict the kind of national mood reflected in the communications media. The impression one has in looking at newscasts or reading front pages is that the nation is apprehensive, jumpy, unsure of itself. But despair and belief in luck don't go together.

If asked to define luck, the Americans who responded to the poll would probably say, simply that it is something good that happens by surprise. Yet most philosophers and logicians have believed that good luck can be traced to definite factors tangible or otherwise. Only shallow minds, said Emerson, don't know the connection between hard work and good luck. In the forties and fifties this magazine was owned by a scientist-scholar, E. DeGolyer, who probably knew more about finding oil than any other man of his time. He believed he had to be lucky in his profession, but he also knew that some petroleum geologists were consistently more lucky than others. I remember his saying, in one of his puckish moods, that "good luck isn't a matter of having a pail handy when it rains Kentucky bourbon; it's a matter of being so tuned in that you find a way almost instinctively of being where you need to be at the right time."

Jefferson would have been pleased by the response Americans gave to Dr. Gallup's question because he believed that good things had a better chance of happening in a free society than in one that ignored principles essential for self-government. He was opposed to any society in which people were unable to break out of the economic and social layers into which their ancestors were locked. "Once a kulak, always a kulak," says Pavel Chichikov in Gogol's *Dead Souls*. In that one statement, whether he knew it or not, Gogol forecast the Russian Revolution. Violent overthrow is inevitable when people have no other way to change their collective luck.

The results of Dr. Gallup's poll tell us that human beings around the world believe more in imponderables than in computerized forecasts. The way the mind turns is more important than the way wheels turn. People ultimately derive their energy from their reliance on intangibles, not from their dynamos. Francis Bacon described this phenomenon four centuries ago when he said that human intellect is "more moved and excited by affirmatives than by negatives." Negatives are readily expressed by numbers; affirmatives, by ideas. Perhaps that is why Dr. Gallup got the answers he did. It is also why the human brain tires quickly of numerical extrapolations but lights up when summoned to a worthwhile goal.

Any man who seeks to be President of the United States this year will have luck on his side if he realizes that knowledge of armaments and inflation may not be as important as respect for the mystery and power of the human spirit. —N.C.

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Letters from Readers

The editors hope readers will share their enthusiasm for the basic new design in the format of the magazine. The aim is to preserve a recognizable tradition while increasing readability and general appearance. The designer is John Beveridge, of Beveridge and Associates Inc., Washington, D.C.

A Primer for Dying

Karl E. Meyer's review of the documentary "Dying" misses an important point [Deathwatch," May 1]. He states that "what tipped the balance in my own debate over the value of the program was this question: could I honestly say that I had learned anything about dying that I didn't already know?"

As one who has been through agony possibly similar to producer Michael Roemer's—being told that I might die, accepting the verdict but surviving the disease after all—I know that there is only one basic thing to learn about dying: it is inevitable.

There is nothing more to learn. Pain, fear, grief, loss, are different in every case. There are no truisms. If one viewer inched closer toward acceptance of the inevitability of death, the program was worth making.

Beth Andrews
Cherry Hill, N.J.

Music in Translation

Irving Kolodin's review of Mozart's *Die Hochzeit des Figaro* ["Fischer-Dieskau's First Hans Sachs," May 1] finds it "at odds with common sense to spend weeks and months of preparation to produce a great Mozartian masterpiece in the wrong language." Why at odds with common sense? All operas in Germany were produced in German (I don't know whether that has changed now). This spread knowledge and love of opera throughout the country; middle- and even small-sized towns could afford a theater and an opera house but could never have afforded singers proficient in all the foreign tongues of the operatic literature. True, the performances were as often as not mediocre, but that was more than counterbalanced by the enthusiasm of singers and audiences. It made it possible that the German version of Verdi's "La Donna è mobile" became an often-quoted saying.

And, anyway, Mozart wrote his opera in the wrong language, too; he should have written it to a French libretto.

Anna Brenner
Fredericksburg, Va.

Realpolitik

Sol M. Linowitz's article ["Outlook: Reflections on Kissinger's Latin American Foray," April 17] betrays some shortsightedness. While he wisely points out the amount of work left undone by the Secretary of State's trip, Mr. Linowitz chooses to ignore how recent negotiations with Brazil have reiterated past policies of the United States vis-à-vis the rights of Latin American sovereignty. Once again we are approving dictatorship and denying those voices of outrage, not so much at "lingering dependency" on the United States but, rather, lingering social injustice within Brazil.

Although the Brazilian GNP continues to rise, although the country retains its Edenlike guise for foreign investors, although it obviously has become an economic power for the United States to court, Brazil remains a land of starvation for much of its citizenry.

Is Mr. Linowitz unaware of how newfound political awareness in Brazil has been answered with repression? Or is he merely guilty of attempting to be realistic about American foreign policy—our economic and political needs which Latin American countries can fulfill—yet loath to give up the image of a United States with a civilizing mission? . . .

Mary E. Powlesland
Riverside, Calif.

Timeless Musicals

I protest the comments on *Man of La Mancha* made by Julius Novick ["In Search of a New Consensus," April 3] and the inference that I "accept inspiration on fuzzy-minded terms" when I applaud this musical as one of the most satisfying and stimulating presentations of the last twenty years.

Mr. Novick is so disdainful of "The Impossible Dream" that although he would seem to endorse the "truth to life" he finds in the newer musicals, he ignores this very same quality in the lyrics of many songs in *Man of La Mancha.*

. . . The fact that Cervantes and Shakespeare are still being read today would prove that what was true of human nature in their time is just as true of human nature in ours and can instantly be recognized as such by any inquiring, sensitive human spirit. In this context, I cannot agree with Mr. Novick when he states that the relative innocence that made possible *Kiss Me, Kate* and *My Fair Lady* is gone. I believe that people will always flock to the theater to see their very selves truthfully and tunefully presented onstage, regardless of the prevailing artistic climate of the time. . . .

Mary J. Marchesi
Los Gatos, Calif.

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Saturday Review
June 26, 1976

The Great American Summer

Back in the late forties, when the country believed in itself, John Gunther finally wrote an *Inside* book about his own land. It so captured the national imagination that it was made into a musical that rode into town on a tidal wave of exuberance. "The U.S.A. is gay, uproarious, in a glorious way," shouted the chorus. Were we ever so straight, so upbeat, so filled with confidence? It is difficult, after the travail of the sixties and seventies, to imagine it.

Arriving at last, the confluence of the nation's 200th birthday and the presidential election year seems now to have hardly come soon enough. They have together driven us to find again the pride in a national heritage and faith in a democratic system that has survived cataclysms that would have buried a more fragile system. On the eve of the Fourth of July, 1976, *SR* devotes this issue to the celebration of the American summer, a summer in which we will indulge in what Emmet John Hughes refers to as "the folk festivals of the Republican and Democratic conventions"; in the search, at the ball park, for what Red Smith calls, in Thomas Wolfe's phrase, "the honest tang of America." That honest tang is somewhere, too, in the annual pilgrimage to the mountains or the shore, somewhere in Jim Farley's recollections of FDR, somewhere at a summer theater, at an outdoor operetta when the crickets punctuate the bravura of a baritone, at a barbecue on a beach, in a wild and clamorous hall where we have gathered to nominate a candidate for President. All this and a clover in a meadow are part of this, the Great American Summer. —HORACE SUTTON

A Treasure to Share

by David Brinkley

ON THE first day of the American summer, the sun strikes the easternmost shore of Maine at 3:42 A.M., and not until twenty-four hours and ten minutes later does it set over the westernmost Aleutian island in Alaska. Across these 4,839 miles it lights and warms the largest body of free people remaining on earth, a fact both pleasing and frightening—pleasing because we are still free, frightening because most of our fellow passengers on this planet are not.

This summer, only 19 percent of the people on earth live in what we would call freedom, and this small number gets smaller all the time. In the last year, about 2 million people a day lost their freedom. Of the few still free, Americans are about one-fourth. Surely, we are members of a species in danger.

Have we remained free when others have not because we are such superior specimens,

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so wise and generous and good? It would be nice to claim all those virtues, but the daily facts of American life—the constant outrages and embarrassments—would make it difficult. No, not that. But we do have a few natural blessings and a few personal virtues that for 200 years have saved us.

One is that we are rich. An American on welfare has about the same standard of living as a Russian factory worker fully employed. How long would we remain free in a daily, desperate, overpopulated scramble for bread and mere survival? How long did India? Twenty-nine years.

Another is that we actually do believe others among us can do as they please if they don't bother us too much. As John Stuart Mill said it, "The liberty of the individual must be thus far limited: he must not make a nuisance of himself to other people." We are willing to put up with minor nuisances so long as they remain minor. If we could vote on allowing pornography as a public, commercial commodity, how many would vote to eliminate it? My guess is somewhere close to 90 percent. And yet there is no serious move against it, perhaps because most people see it as a minor nuisance not worth a constitutional upheaval and as a nuisance fairly easy to avoid.

And there is this national quality: in the great, busy, uproarious national daily rush toward some unknown destination, we have developed what must be history's greatest capacity to accept, absorb, and forget. Today's sensation is tomorrow's bore. We hear and see and know so much. And we seem to feel that, once we know it, it is neutralized, discounted, and no longer very interesting. The question then is, "So what else is new?"

In this climate of haste and impatience, any kind of governing is difficult, and so we are essentially ungovernable, thank God. People easily governed are likely to be rigidly governed. We are neither. About all our government can do with any efficiency is take our money away from us and then use it to bribe, persuade, and coerce us. Even though it does that only moderately well, government itself is coming widely to be seen as a major nuisance, and there is a growing public resistance and a demand that it be toned down.

We are rich. We do, in fact, accept a high degree of individual freedom wherever it is not a major nuisance. And we are too busy, rushed, preoccupied, inventive, and impatient for any government to get too firm a grip on us, and by the time it invents a rule against one thing we have already moved on to another.

And we have remained free while 81 percent of the world is in the grip of oppressive government, a threat always there and always here. However much longer we can keep it, our freedom has lasted this long. And across the 4,839 miles of the American summer of 1976 it is alive, it is a treasure we would like to share with the rest of the world, and it is a magnificent sight. ◉

A familiar face on television, especially at the conventions, David Brinkley is the author and narrator of NBC's three-part television series "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

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The Political Summer

Dancing at the Two-Party Cotillion

> The Democrat . . . just loves politics, not for what he can get out of 'em, for he never has received much of a dividend on his political investment, but he just wants to be known as a Politician. Now a Republican don't, he wants politics to be known as a sideline. He is sorter ashamed of it.
>
> —WILL ROGERS (1928)

by Emmet John Hughes

As the march of presidential candidates and national parties proceeds toward the folk festivals of this Bicentennial summer's Republican and Democratic conventions—and as the intellectual litter along the way mounts with the debris of instantly forgotten speeches, deflated promises, and impassioned non sequiturs—the quadrennial spasm of nonsense almost irresistibly persuades anew the watching throng of citizens of the truth of one of the Republic's most popular and plausible political myths. This is the myth that the Republican and Democratic parties—or political worlds—are essentially indistinguishable, with their superficial and cosmetic differences merely dabbed on to catch the voter's eye with a few flecks of color to enliven a drab democratic charade. Undeniably, this view of modern American politics carries a certain cerebral appeal. But, personally, I find the visceral sense of contrast drawn by Will Rogers almost half a century ago far more authentic and realistic.

There appears to be much evidence, I would concede, to support the more cynical judgment. By way of moral support, there could be cited the venerable consensus of the Founding Fathers themselves that the very "spirit of party," as decried in Washington's Farewell Address, posed a mortal threat to the new nation's security and liberty. (So why should not the blurring of such "spirit" be both acknowledged and welcomed?) By way of historical argument, there looms the fact that the long span of history since the Civil War has seen both parties swerve and careen through confoundingly radical changes in the collective commitment, concern, and conscience of each. (How readily do most of us remember that the first half of the history of the Republican Party, at least until 1912, assured its political place as not only the home of the more learned and intellectual but also the citadel of faith in an activist government and a powerful presidency?) And by way of more modern proof, there has emerged a quite possibly lethal resemblance between both parties in the parallel decline of each in effective authority, unity, and discipline. While this humbling common denominator has many causes on the national level, the most obvious may be the most serious: the technology of mass media that endows presidents and candidates alike with the power to prove themselves masters in the art of direct popular persuasion and to free themselves from reliance on the proselytizing of party apostles and acolytes. Like a church no longer cherished as a link between God and man, the parties no longer seem coveted by national leaders as their link between White House and Average Voter. Understandably, these aspiring leaders feel less need than ever for the conduit of the party to carry to the people their prayers, absolutions, or exhortations. For all this, a television cable can suffice.

There finally appears an altogether up-to-date reason for poking equal fun at Democrats and Republicans and the gropings of both for their own identities. The reason is this season of presidential primaries, a season that almost invariably unveils both parties at their funniest; and 1976 promises to surpass all such recent times in comic errors, planned blunders, and squandered opportunities. Over the broad political landscape has fallen the shadow first cast by President Gerald Ford with his basic resolve to show that he was best qualified to run the federal government by running *against* it, that is, the passionate promise to "get [government] out of your lives, out of your pockets, and out of your hair." While this sounded much like a minister delivering regular Sunday sermons deploring his church's bloated role in the life of the community, the lineage of the preachment followed logically from the half-hilarious and half-insidious homilies of a Richard Nixon who (1) piously proclaimed in his 1973 State of the Union that "the time has come for us to draw the line . . . *against* overgrown government" even as he (2) manically strove to evade more laws and amass more power in the White House than had any other President in 200 years. For these and kindred causes, I do not find it astonishing that so great a part of the electorate finds its response to the Bicentennial political scene graphically drawn in a recent *New Yorker* cartoon of a smog-filled room of politicians, one of whom rejoices in a proposal: "I *like* it! It's a blatant appeal to public apathy."

Under such gray skies each of the parties has seemed bent on sending aloft its own peculiar cloud formations. Among Democrats generally presumed to know better, there has prevailed a kind of incompetence almost approaching inge-

Former Time-Life editor, columnist for Newsweek, *and onetime Eisenhower speech writer, Mr. Hughes teaches politics at Rutgers University. His newest book is* The Living Presidency.

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nuity. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, among whose legion of admirers I count myself, has survived as the scarred veteran of enough bitter causes and calamities to qualify as the modern male chauvinist's answer to Joan of Arc. Nonetheless, the vast experience did nothing to save him from the illusion, central to his strategy, that Washington State's Senator Scoop Jackson could be polished into a candidate with enough popular appeal to stall all other candidates. Like a chorus line high-kicking and singing "The Happy Days of the New Deal Are Here Again," a remarkable number of Democratic sages believed that their primary contest in the industrial state of Pennsylvania would prove, as of old, the massive power of organized labor—only to learn that disorganized labor long since had become a political pillar of sand. And so the Democrats face the remarkable possibility of a convention choosing as its nominee a candidate from Georgia, Jimmy Carter—a candidate whose personal power base is invisible, whose true political identity is unknown to old-time Democratic leaders, and whose first condition for acceptance of his party's nomination might be his prerogative to write and to deliver the convention's opening and closing prayers.

As for the Republicans, they have sown an even more elaborate minefield for themselves to stumble through. Even before the latest mines, the political terrain had become perilously swampy. Over the last generation, the roster of avowed Republicans largely reads like a history of army deserters. In 1940—even after eight years of Franklin Roosevelt's mesmerizing presence in the Oval Office—the GOP still could claim allegiance from 38 percent of the nation's voters, against a slim Democratic edge of 4 percent more. By 1964 the Republican loyalists amounted to 25 percent. By 1974 they counted for a mere 18 percent—a *third* party, lagging behind both Democrats and independents. Apart from nationally voiced preferences, the arithmetic in the party's own chosen arenas comes to no less bleak a

Illustrations: Susan Perl

sum. In the Congress they now constitute a minority of little more than one-third in the Senate, and they are outnumbered roughly two to one in the House. Of the fifty states of the Union, they claim only thirteen governors, whereas the Democrats control *both* houses of the legislature in all *but* thirteen states. And the sum of this calls to mind the classic verdict of the comedian Groucho Marx, who, playing the physician taking the patient's pulse, concluded, "Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped."

More and more, the collective life of the modern GOP has looked like a sustained state of somnambulism interrupted only by a recurrent nightmare of monotonously familiar form. The party's heavy list to the political Right long since has taken it far out of the mainstream of most traditionally "conservative" parties in the Western world. The boldest political imagination must retreat in confusion from any attempt to conceive of a conservative force in any Western European nation in which (1) a Nelson Rockefeller would be dreaded as a dangerous radical; (2) a Presi-

James Farley Remembers Franklin Roosevelt

THE Sunday before the election in 1936, I predicted that Roosevelt would carry every state but Maine and Vermont. I based that prediction on telephone conversations with every political leader in every state north of the Mason-Dixon line. I called Mr. Roosevelt and said, "I am definitely of the opinion that you will carry every state but two." For some years Maine had held its elections in September, which led to the saying "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." The Republicans used that, and it was true most of the time, but I changed it and said, "As Maine goes, so goes Vermont." That's what happened.

In 1940, when Mr. Roosevelt didn't enter a primary, some people wrote in my name and Cordell Hull's. Hull's name was written in by Southern states and mine by the others. Mr. Roosevelt was asked about this, and he said that I couldn't be on a ticket because I was Catholic and the South wouldn't accept that. Now, I knew Roosevelt was a tolerant man. What he meant was that it wouldn't work with the two of us on the ticket, both of us being from New York. But he couldn't say that because there was still a lot of speculation on the third term, and he didn't want to come out and say he would be on the ticket. Well, I was going to make a speech in Pittsburgh at the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick on March 17, and I had a lot of well-educated Irishmen who could write for me and not make it sound too highfalutin. But I added my own phrase, and I said it would be too bad if a mother would look down on her newborn son and not be able to think he could grow up to be President of the United States someday no matter what his religion or ethnic background was. I put in that "ethnic background," and the next day the newspapers picked it up and there were headlines everywhere. Mr. Roosevelt was asked about what I had said, and he said, "Hogwash." I knew he didn't mean that but that we both couldn't run because we were from New York, but I was getting out anyway. I owed $100,000 and it took me a long time to pay back my personal debts and I did. ◉

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dent Gerald Ford would be fighting for his political life against the charge of being a softhearted liberal; and (3) a Ronald Reagan would win four-star ratings in primary theaters in state after state as a strong-minded, hard-nosed, and clear-eyed statesman to preside over the Republic's foreign policy. Only such an idiosyncratic political world could bring upon itself the nightmare of a Reagan wounding a Ford with more electoral embarrassments suffered by any incumbent President since Theodore Roosevelt's scarring of William Howard Taft in 1912—thereby making Gerald Ford a candidate for a political role never replayed in ninety years, since Chester Arthur in 1886 was voted out of the presidency by his own party.

Yet this sleepwalking toward the edge of extinction, I believe, amounts to an addiction traceable to a deeper diagnosis: the political sickness of an atavism that almost genetically compels feckless flight to the past. A couple of decades ago, Dean Acheson wrote some crisp essays under the title *A Democrat Looks at His Party*, which included the shrewd comment "While in human biology acquired characteristics are not inherited, in the biology of political parties the opposite may be the case." And all the political and ideological behavior of modern Republicanism, at least since the Eisenhower presidency, can certainly be offered in defense of the thesis.

I would cite here not the general—and generally recognized—evidence of Republican nostalgia for the remote epoch when Main Street seemed more sovereign than Pennsylvania Avenue. I am forced rather to recall a few explicit and personal encounters that suggest the enduring and contemporary Republican habit of walking in the footprints of the past.

1964. At the San Francisco convention that nominated Senator Barry Goldwater, I remember a fair-sized assembly of journalistic colleagues—politically, by and large, Democratic children of the New Deal era like myself—glossing the moment with a cheerful rationale. The electoral disaster awaiting Goldwater, so they professed, would definitively purge the GOP of all reckless pretensions from its radical Right and mercifully assure a return to responsible conservatism. Even then I feared this fancy to be a classic *ignis fatuus* of American politics. In that year of 1964 Barry Goldwater was denouncing American foreign policy for its cowardly failure to have "kicked down brick by brick" the Soviet-built Berlin Wall. In this year of 1976 Ronald Reagan has decried national policy for its pusillanimous refusal to tell the "jerk" heading the government of Panama: "We bought [this canal], we paid for it, and we are going to keep it."

1968. I paid a secret visit one early July weekend to Ronald Reagan's home in the Pacific Palisades, outside Santa Monica. The preconvention efforts to forestall Richard Nixon's nomination were then at a high pitch; I was directing Nelson Rockefeller's hapless campaign through the media; and I came to the Californian leader for some private assurance that he also would stay in the race to the end. He

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Henry Cabot Lodge Remembers Wendell Willkie

At the Republican convention in Philadelphia in 1940 it appeared at the outset that the two principal candidates for the nomination would be Senator Taft of Ohio and Governor Dewey of New York. There was also some talk of Senator Vandenberg of Michigan.

Then—suddenly—people began to talk about Wendell Willkie, the Indiana-born New York lawyer. The talk did not seem to come from the delegates and other politicians. It came from the press and from enthusiasts who were not regularly interested in politics but who—somewhat mysteriously—had been able to get tickets for themselves in the gallery. Some even said these enthusiasts had had more tickets printed than there were seats. As time went on, it appeared that these Willkie enthusiasts were not restricted to the gallery in Philadelphia; they existed all over the country and—lo and behold!—they began sending telegrams to the delegates and the politicians in Philadelphia, telling them to support Willkie. They weren't too polite about it, either.

Many of the delegates were not overflowing with courage, and they wanted to stay in politics. It began to look to them as though, if they were going to stay, they had better be for Willkie. In the lobbies and hotel rooms—wherever delegates would meet for discussion—the air was full of rumors of delegates changing over—to Willkie. This was the last phase in the Willkie campaign. It turned into a stampede, and soon afterward he was the Republican nominee and turned out to be the strongest opponent for the presidency that FDR ever had.

For me—a senator and an unpledged delegate who voted for Willkie—the Willkie blitz was a most instructive example of how a convention can be legitimately made to feel the pressure of public opinion. I learned much from the Willkie campaign of 1940 that helped me in the Eisenhower campaign of 1952. That was another campaign in which the delegates felt the desire of the voters. ◉

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gave this assurance and further emphasized it thus: "Here we are in 1968, and we're going to present the multimillion-dollar spectacle of the Republican campaign. How do you *cast* it? For the life of me, I cannot see those big neon signs spelling out RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON. He has just become too faded as a star."

1976. At a quiet meeting in his Washington office in the Executive Office Building, I asked Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller how he appraised Ronald Reagan's campaign motives and prospects. The date was April 13, about midway between Reagan's recent North Carolina victory and his forthcoming sweep through Texas. The Vice-President answered, "I like Ronnie personally, but I cannot figure out what he thinks he's doing. Right from the first, I've told the people in the White House how wildly they were exaggerating the Reagan threat."

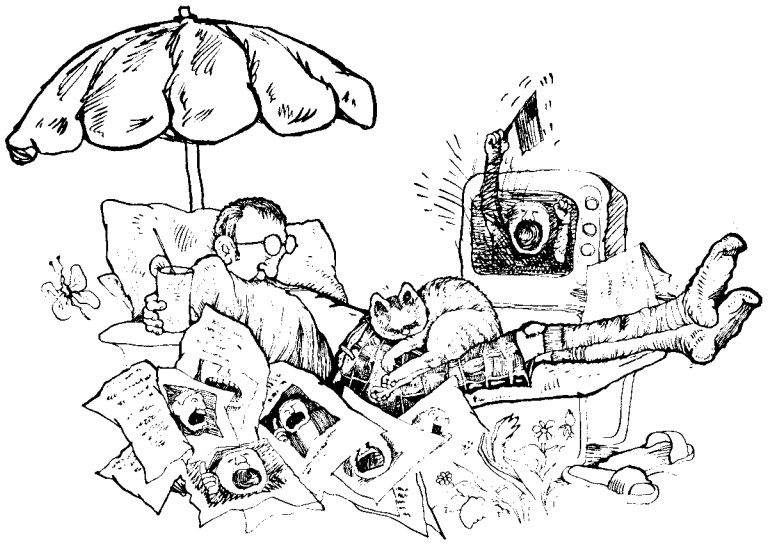
II

ALL THIS began, long paragraphs past, as an acknowledgment of the vagrant similarities seeping across the lines between the Republic's two national parties. At the least, there would seem some reason for not wholly forgetting the century-old judgment of James Bryce's *The American Commonwealth* on both parties as signifying no more than "different labels on empty bottles." Yet even these random observations seem to me to spin finally toward a quite different conclusion: the parties *do* stand apart, at real and deep distance—at once historical, cultural, and temperamental.

Perhaps arbitrarily but, I think, appropriately, I find a neat etching of the contrasting profiles of the two parties in the words of a Republican senator of the late nineteenth century. He was George F. Hoar, of Massachusetts. And his response to a European friend who was searching for the subtle lines of division in American politics complacently stated some serious truths:

> The men who do the work of piety and charity in our churches . . . the men who own and till their own farms . . . the men who went to war and stayed all through, the men who paid the debt and kept the currency sound and saved the nation's honor . . . *by the natural law of their being* find their place in the Republican party. While the old slave-owner and slave-driver, the saloon keeper, the ballot box stuffer . . . the criminal class of the great cities, the men who cannot read or write . . . *by the natural law of their being* find their congenial place in the Democratic party.

These blunt sentiments convey, with remarkable precision, the *natural* differences of party that abidingly transcend all merely political declamations or dissimulations. As for the pulse of Republicanism, the rhythms were rightly recorded: a God-fearing and self-exalting kind of Calvinism, a reverence for virtues supposedly rural, and a respect for "sound" fiscal policy ardent enough to equate solvency and sovereignty. As for the distastefulness of the Democratic tradition, the indictments were equally explicit: the entrepreneur's contempt for plantation paternalism, the prohibitionist's



anathema on alcohol, the frontiersman's great dread of the great metropolis, and the board chairman's queasiness over any vote coming out of a ballot box.

Some seventy-five years after this Massachusetts senator's judgment on the souls of the two parties, Dean Acheson weighed much the same virtues and vices, albeit with sharply different emphasis. Of his own Democratic ranks, he wrote: "One is . . . struck by the paradox that the oldest party has at the same time all the marks of youth. . . . It is turbulent. It is disorderly. It is adventurous, imaginative, more governed by hopes than fears. And . . . it responds to leadership of strong and vibrant personalities." By contrast, the traditional spirit of modern Republicanism has viewed the public sector as a whole, and the restless turbulence of politics itself, with misgiving and mistrust—quite as if the everlasting American frontier most to be guarded or advanced must be the perimeter of the private sector. Given what Acheson called "the business base of the Republican Party," there followed his conclusion: "Here lies the significant difference between the parties, the single-interest party against the many-interest party, rather than in a supposed division by . . . a conservative approach against a liberal approach." Or as another famous Democratic lawyer in Washington, onetime Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford, recently defined his sense of the distinction: "In essence, all of it comes down to what the year 1776 means to the Republic. To the Democratic spirit it means the revolutionary start of one of history's greatest political adventures. To the Republican spirit it means the publication date of Adam Smith's *The Wealth of Nations.*"

There follow from these differing casts of mind, of course, deeply contrasting views of national life. The most basic of these views are two. As perceived by each party, they are its view on *government* and its view of *leadership*. Thus . . .

The modern Democratic Party's commitment to a kind of *government* that is both activist and innovative—ever since the presidencies of Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt—stands little chance of being shaken by the current chic of former Governor Jimmy Carter's deprecation of Washington, D.C. For better or worse, the spirit of the party remains wedded to FDR's insistence that "the definite duty" of government commands it "to insure for the average person the right to his own economic and political life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness." By and large, the Repub-

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lican mind finds any such concept of "insurance" falling somewhere between the preposterous and the seditious.* Faithfully oriented to the world of business, moreover, the Republican almost fatefully has tried to apply the values of that world to the defiantly different realm of government. Hence he has perceived government less as a creative process than as an administrative problem, which places a lower premium on serious soul-searching than on sensible bookkeeping. Hence he has revered the memory of a Herbert Hoover, on whose presidency a sympathetic Republican journalist, William Allen White, wrote the obituary: "For four years, Mr. Hoover was not President, but Chairman of the Board." And hence the repeated proofs, administration after administration, of the warning spoken in 1910 by the first Henry Cabot Lodge: "The businessman dealing with a large political question is really a painful sight."

As with the role of government, so with the perception of *leadership:* the two parties stay at odds, significantly and stubbornly. A fairly recent incarnation of this contrast appeared with the successive presidencies of Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower. The first was given to saying again and again, almost as though to steel and to prod himself, that "*any* decision is better than *no* decision"; and the second, although saying nothing much on the subject, spent the major part of eight years in the Oval Office plainly practicing his faith that no decision was always better than a bad decision. And this was enough to spark Truman's curt commentary on his Republican successor: "Eisenhower doesn't *lead* his party. He fronts for it."

The history of both parties over many generations—and through all the presidencies—argues that this particular contrast was no mere accident of personality. From Jefferson and Jackson to Roosevelt and Truman, the Democratic record of presidential leadership has had a cumulative and consistent character: each strong leader has seemed to serve as a forebear for the next, who would start from—and stand upon—past power to reach toward new and higher purpose. The matching Republican record reads dramatically otherwise. The party's most memorable presidencies were those of Abraham Lincoln and Theodore Roosevelt. Neither man was politically enshrined in his time. Both were renounced and vilified by their party. The political faith of each contributed almost nothing to his party's modern inspiration. And if a collective Republican tendency toward suicide may be slightly disputable, there appears little doubt of the party's historical fondness for regicide.

III

So Democrats and Republicans may celebrate the Bicentennial election year—even beyond their conventions—by pretending to dance a political tango in which each partner almost precisely follows the other's steps. But let us not be deceived. Neither historically nor emotionally are the parties truly partners. For no matter what the presidential candidates of each may wish or feign or hide, the worlds from which they spring are not at all the same.

This may appear an altogether unpatriotic year for disputing the Founding Fathers, but the truth is that they did not—and could not—foresee the necessity, rather than the wickedness, of the "spirit of party." For this spirit, at its most assertive and combative, amounts to the breath of a free society, not its blight. A half century after Washington's Farewell Address, a rather obscure Ohio jurist, Frederick Grimke, devoted years to the first sophisticated study of the Republic's party system. And as he wrote in 1848—another revolutionary year for the Western world:

> The democratic principle has come into the world not to bring peace but a sword; or rather to bring peace by a sword. . . . Party spirit at bottom is but the conflict of different opinions . . . to sharpen men's wits, to extend the circle of their knowledge, and to raise the general mind above its former level. . . . Parties take the place of the old system of balances and checks. The latter balance the government only, the former balance society itself.

And this endures as a balance, I believe, that every community of free men must sense and hold and honor. ◉

*The traditional GOP leadership's view of even the theoretical virtue of public service itself seems clouded and confused. A notable number of citizens have emerged from a Republican background to serve the nation in Washington—from Henry Stimson and Harold Ickes to James Forrestal, John McCloy, Robert Lovett, Paul Nitze, and Nelson Rockefeller. *But* the odd fact is that each of them first went to Washington to serve under a *Democratic* President.

Norman Mailer Remembers Eugene McCarthy's Nomination of Adlai Stevenson

The gallery was ready, the floor was responsive, the demonstrators were milling like bulls in their pen waiting for the *toril* to fly open—it would have been hard not to wake the crowd up, not to make a good speech. McCarthy made a great one. Great it was by the measure of convention oratory, and he held the crowd like a matador, timing their *olés!*, building them up, easing them back, correcting any sag in attention, gathering their emotion, discharging it, creating new emotion on the wave of the last, driving his passes tighter and tighter as he readied for the kill. . . .

"There was only one man who said let's talk sense to the American people," McCarthy went on, his muleta furled for the *naturales*. . . . "He said the promise of America is the promise of greatness. This was his call to greatness. . . . Do not forget this man. . . . Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you not the favorite son of one state, but the favorite son of the fifty states, the favorite son of every country he has ever visited, the favorite son of every country which has not seen him but is secretly thrilled by his name." Bedlam. The kill. "Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you Adlai Stevenson of Illinois." Ears and tail. Hooves and bull. A roar went up like the roar one heard the day Bobby Thomson hit his home run at the Polo Grounds and the Giants won the pennant from the Dodgers in the third playoff game of the 1951 season. ◉

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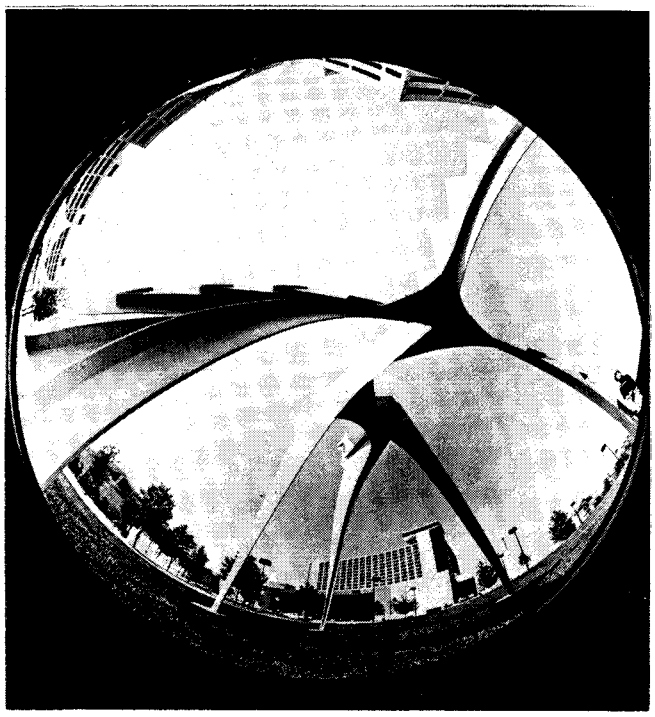
Kansas City: Better Than a Magic Lantern Show

The old cow town has become about as agreeable a city as the nation has produced

by Horace Sutton



Fish-eye view of Crown Center—Weddings at the waterfall, catfish in the market.

WHEN the pit band struck up "Kansas City" that March night in 1943 when *Oklahoma!* opened on Broadway and Lee Dixon sang the Oscar Hammerstein lyrics telling how everything was up-to-date out there, a faint note of put-down was entwined with the hayseed exuberance. "They went and built a skyscraper seven stories high," Hammerstein wrote, "about as high as a buildin' ort-a grow." We were meant to smile at the character from the farm, not only for himself but because he could find fascination in a place as rustic as Kansas City. After all, as Hammerstein's words summed up the wonder of the place, its lures were so glittering it was, we were assured, "better than a magic lantern show."

Kansas City has endured a reputation as the quintessential cow town almost since its founding. For stand-up comics it has served as the sure laugh-getter, the hick-town counterpart of urban-sprawl Brooklyn. In their new book, *Right Here in River City*, Tracy Thomas and Walt Bodine write that after the Civil War, which tore Kansas City apart in divided loyalties, the city "was to be written off as a wild, crude cattle town whose idea of culture was a piano in a whorehouse."

Leeched by political machines that collapsed with an embarrassingly loud crash heard nationwide, and hopelessly mired in a location far from both coasts, where, as Thomas and Bodine say, "every good and perfect thing must be," Kansas City found itself declared dead by an assortment of "self-appointed coroners."

It comes as something of an eye-widener to visitors—as, indeed, it will to those who come as delegates to the Republican National Convention in August, to say nothing of the 85,000 delegates to the Shriners' convention that meets here on July 4—to find Kansas City about as agreeable a settlement as the nation has produced. It is a city forty miles long, ringed by freeways—an auto town. Yet, a few blocks from the epicenter—where the seven-story skyscraper still exists—it is girt with greenery, the rolling landscape a refreshment after the concrete of the central city.

The enormous urban renaissance began—hard as it is to comprehend—twenty-five years after Hammerstein wrote his ode to Kansas City, sung around the world to Richard Rodgers's music. The urban program, which cost $3.4 billion—three-quarters of it privately funded—will have grown into a mass figure of $5.3 billion when all the planned and underway construction is counted.

Twelve blocks from downtown Kansas City, Hallmark Cards has created an urban-suburban complex called Crown Center, an impressive exponent of metropolitan-style revival in a nation that is bubbling with glass and concrete rehabilitation. The eighty-five-acre center is huddled around an open plaza sprinkled with trees, fountains, and grass-carpeted terraces. The buildings embrace the headquarters, of course, of Hallmark Cards, Inc.; the 730-room Crown Center Hotel, which opened three years ago, operated by Western International; sixty retail shops; a covered farmers' market called the Market Place; dozens of boutiques bunched in a three-level structure known as West Village; and an assortment of imaginative restaurants.

Crown Center replaces a blight called Signboard Hill, now memorialized by an inky hotel saloon called Signboard Bar, which is decorated with billboards of the period, among them one about Pig Tail Crooks—THE FIVE-CENT CIGAR—THE CIGAR YOU PAY FOR WITH A SMILE—and an antiquated testimonial to other times: NOONDAY LUNCH—25¢. Noonday lunch at the Signboard now costs $3.75.

The hillside site necessitated some artful planning—thus a sky bridge between the fourth and fifth floors arches over a waterfall that cascades over a natural hillside embellished with ferns, rocks, and such unindigenous flora as a weeping fig tree. Flowers are changed with the seasons. The bridge leads to an all-year heated swimming pool, a gym, steam rooms, and a poker-room hideout from dull convention meetings. Sunrise services are held in front of the falls at Easter, and the setting has seen at least one wedding, the bride walking over the bridge on her way to the ceremony, which was held in front of the waterfall.

Nominees-in-waiting or incumbent presidents who draw

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Eisenhower of Abilene

ABILENE, KANS., the natives will tell you, was a tourist attraction even before its most famous native son, Dwight D. Eisenhower, became President of the United States.

More than 400,000 people now visit Abilene annually to view the original Eisenhower boyhood home, the Eisenhower Museum, the Eisenhower Presidential Library, the Meditation Chapel, Old Abilene Town, and the Greyhound Hall of Fame.

Abilene is located immediately off Interstate 70, about one-third of the way between Kansas City and Denver, and is under some of the most wide-open sky to be found this side of heaven.

The museum, library, family home, and Meditation Chapel—final resting place of President Eisenhower and his firstborn son—are located about eight minutes by car from the interstate, in the so-called Eisenhower Center, a thirteen-acre landscaped tract. The center was built around the Eisenhower home, which still stands at its original site, with every piece of furniture exactly where it was when young Ike was growing up.

The museum is arranged to reflect the life story of the former President, from his boyhood days through West Point, military service, and the presidency. The collection is said to be conservatively valued at more than $2 million.

Just adjacent to the Eisenhower Center is Old Abilene Town, a re-creation of the time, just after the Civil War, when it was a sin-riddled city. For a five-year stretch, more than 2.5 million longhorns were driven down the 1,000 miles of Chisholm Trail, which stretched from the Red River country to the Abilene train depot. Gambling, prostitution, drinking, and shooting flourished as the weary cowboys sought relief at the end of their cattle drives.

Tom Smith, a U.S. deputy marshal, began cleaning up the town during the summer of 1870. He was shot in the back in late November; the following spring, Wild Bill Hickok was hired as marshal but was fired nine months later because, as the records say, "his services were no longer needed."

The hours at Old Abilene Town are from 7:30 A.M. to 9:30 P.M. and at the Eisenhower Center from 9 A.M. to 4:45 P.M. —ROSEMARIE ROSS

the Crown Center's presidential suite will find a bar for parties, a private dining room and kitchen, and a telephone with a twenty-button panel. In search of votes or company, a convention guest can invade the cheery International Café, a seven-sided, sun-washed, dome-topped, tree-decorated cafeteria that serves up anything from "New York–style deli" (Sample: a "beefwich" of cream cheese, smoked beef, and bacon on pumpernickel) to "Oriental," a catchall that proffers Cantonese egg roll and Nipponese tempura with equal dexterity.

Crown Center's beautiful American Restaurant, serving elegant dishes that have evolved in the kitchens of the nation, is the front-runner in the nationwide revival of American-style restaurants. But the Market Place seems to bridge the local tastes, for although it displays rainbow trout, Maine lobsters, and West Coast sole, it also purveys channel catfish, the hog jowls of fishdom.

Withal, Crown Center aims to be more than a hotel, more than a shopping center or an office complex. It is now adding apartments and condominiums, 2,200 of them with underground parking for 7,000 cars, part of a program that won't see completion until 1984. "If you give people an address they can be proud of," says Donald J. Hall, Hallmark's chief executive, "they'll return to the inner city." Dr. Charles N. Kimball, president of Midwest Research Institute, calls it "an attractive option to those who might move to the suburbs."

SUCH a come-lately as the Crown Center has inspired the Muehlebach—that venerable caravansary beloved of visiting salesmen and immortalized by Harry Truman, who set up presidential offices in its hotel rooms—to undergo a total restoration. It has taken $7 million to rejuvenate the old hotel, where every President since Theodore Roosevelt has stayed. The Maxfield Parrish murals have been moved from the coffee shop to a new cocktail lounge, but the piano Harry Truman used to play is a fixture in the presidential suite, which will likely be occupied by President Ford during the Republican convention. The Muehlebach is designated as headquarters hotel for the convention.

An underground walkway will lead to the new H. Roe Bartle Convention Center, a $30-million mid-city structure that is to be ready this summer but won't be used by the Republicans. They will make do in the Crosby Kemper Memorial Arena, on the west end of town, adjacent to the stockyards. Out here Kansas City still bears some telltale cow-town characteristics. The scattering of stores cater to cattlemen, selling everything from vaccine to ear tags. The West End Hotel, built in 1898 and then rebuilt after a flood in 1903, has tried to revive itself, but it survives as a cocktail lounge. The Golden Ox, in the Livestock Exchange, remains a solvent steak house of some repute, offering the Kansas City strip—"the steak that was born here"—for $7 and a half-pound club steak for $4.90.

When the American Royal arrives with the fall, bringing a combination horse show, rodeo, and livestock exhibit and some 250,000 visitors to the stockyards, then this lonely riverside outback comes alive again. It lights up, too, though not as extravagantly, for the games played by the Kansas City Scouts, of the National Hockey League, and the KC Kings, of the NBA, both of whom perform as the Republicans will, in the arena.

Only a few minutes away, the old Folly Theater, where Fanny Brice, Al Jolson, and Sarah Bernhardt trod the boards, has been labeled a National Monument. It will be restored as a musical theater. It was at the grill of the Edward Hotel, next door, on Twelfth Street, that Euday Bowman wrote "Twelfth Street Rag." The Edward Hotel was the place for journalists and for actors and sportsmen. Jack Johnson stayed here because it was the only hotel in town that would accept a black man who arrived with a white wife.

The sports center of the city is more likely to grow around the $71-million Harry S Truman Sports Complex, eight and a half miles from downtown. Not one stadium to make

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The Political Summer

do for two major sports would suit Kansas City. It has created two stadiums back to back, one for the Royals, who replaced the Athletics, marched off to Oakland by Charles O. Finley, and Arrowhead Stadium for the Kansas City Chiefs, owned by Lamar Hunt.

Hunt has imported latherings of Texas style to the Midwest, offering glassed-in suites at the ball park that rent for $6,000 to $18,000 a year, with leases set at five-year hitches and $11-apiece club tickets to be purchased additionally. Hunt's own inside-the-ball-park digs—a duplex apartment with gilt fixtures on the marble basin, a sunken bath, and a sauna—are elsewhere embellished with a fireplace from France, choir stalls from Spain, and statues that might have been borrowed from the property room at MGM.

Those who dine in the new sports complex may look back to the days when the place to go was Arthur Bryant's, near the old ball park. You still line up for barbecue sandwiches and ribs to be eaten at scarred Formica tables and washed down with cold soda that comes out of a vending machine. Bryant's also fills orders to go, which is probably an advantage, since almost any venue would seem more appetizing. It's $5 a pound for beef or ribs to go, $6 for ham.

Urban renewal and the program for sporting relocations, which left Bryant's a dislocated outpost, cannot be considered new or sudden concepts in Kansas City. Just after the turn of the century, an entrepreneur named Jesse Clyde Nichols, a Phi Beta Kappa who had trained at the University of Kansas and at Harvard, moved to Kansas City and invaded the field of community planning. In the early twenties he began a project known as Country Club Plaza, a market area in the south part of town, surrounded by private homes.

It was a time when American planners and architects were hypnotized by Spanish architecture. Mizner was building Spanish castles in Florida, and Southern California was to break out in an Andalusian rash. Today the Country Club Plaza is a corner of Kansas City Castille, right down to the replica of Seville's Giralda Tower and the Seville Light, patterned after the original. All the plaza needed was its own hotel, which it now has—the Alameda Plaza, a 400-room monument with Spanish accents dusted with the nuances of Grand Rapids. In a phantasmagoria of tiles, fountains, wrought iron, and courtyards, there are, across the street, some 150 plaza shops and, among them, twenty-one restaurants. Annie's Santa Fe makes a valiant, if mutative, effort to retain a strain of colonial Spain with a tortilla pizza, to say nothing of its Mexican coffee, made of tequila, Kahlúa, coffee, and whipped cream. Anyone who fails to light up after that better stay until Thanksgiving, when the entire Country Club Plaza is plugged in with a staggering display of disposable electricity, a famous holiday-time sight in Kansas City.

Country Club Plaza publishes a special brochure on its assorted works of art, which includes anything from the "Pool of Four Fauns" to a marble Buddha. In September the entire plaza becomes an outdoor art show. Serious contemplators of the arts, however, might well repair to the Nelson Art Gallery, especially for its Oriental collections. With Washington and San Francisco, Kansas City, with its Nelson Art Gallery, became one of the three places in the United States in which the Chinese chose to display their famed exhibition, the first under the Peking regime ever to appear in this country.

Out in northeast KC, the ubiquitous Lamar Hunt has developed a 145-acre playground called Worlds of Fun. The genre that used to be called a Luna Park is now called a theme park. The theme out here is diversely European, Oriental, Scandinavian, American, and African. Thus it is possible to ride the paddle wheeler "Cotton Blossom," dine at Le Poulet Bone Café, line up for the Finnish Fling, and turn your stomach upside down on a roller-coaster ride through Africa aboard the "Zambezi Zinger." Like the rest of KC, it's better than a magic lantern show. ◉

Truman of Independence

The Oval Office as it appeared when Harry Truman was President, with Mr. Truman's voice twanging across the room like some disembodied spirit, is the unquestionable highlight of the Harry S Truman Library Museum, in Independence, Mo., a short drive from Kansas City. Elsewhere in the halls are relics of Truman's career, from his World War I days with the 35th Infantry Division to Potsdam. The collection includes Margaret Truman Daniel's wedding dress from her marriage to Clifton Daniel in 1956; election buttons that proclaimed, I'M JUST WILD ABOUT HARRY; an urn with bloodstained earth from Bastogne; a top-secret report dated August 6, 1945, stating that a bomb had been dropped on Hiroshima three hours earlier; a Korean situation map received at the CIA at 0800, July 2, 1950; a Torah given Truman by Chaim Weizmann in appreciation for recognizing Israel; a pottery lamp from the reign of King David. On a lower floor reposes the White House limousine, a 1950 Lincoln, with Bess's lap robe on the seat. For contrast there is the white Chrysler Truman bought as a senator in 1940 and that he drove until 1945. And then there is the exhibit of the 1948 campaign: cartoons and photos, Harry whistle-stopping on the Give 'Em Hell Special, and Dewey on the Brotherly Love Special issuing buttons that said, HELP HURRY HARRY HOME. A map shows the 1948 speaking tour, which covered 31,739 miles and stopped for 355 speeches, delivered from June 3 to November 5.

Independence itself is interesting as the staging place for wagon trains that formed here before heading West along the Oregon Trail and the Santa Fe Trail. It is a town settled by Southerners on land ceded by Osage Indians. In 1832 Washington Irving called it the "utmost verge of civilization." It was from this rustic place that Truman emerged. The new statue of him, dedicated by President Ford last month, stands in Jackson Square, adjoining the courthouse where Truman began his political career as an administrative judge. The courtroom and office are open every day from 9 to 5, the museum on weekdays from 9 to 5 all year and on Sundays from 10 to 5 until September 15. —H.S.

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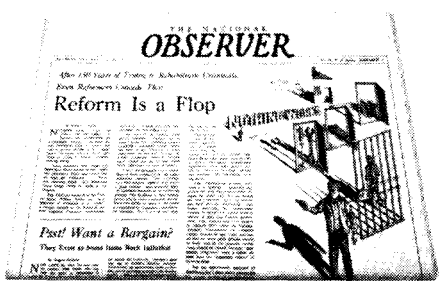

And our "Off-Hours" section reports on a lady welder who also finds time to paint, sculpt, write a novel and plant fruit trees.

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The Political Summer

New York: In the Red, but in the Pink

Fares go up, trains stall, power fails, traffic jams— ah, but what a lovely town!

by Richard F. Shepard

NEW YORK being the kind of city it is, it will be interesting to see the impact the Democratic convention will make on the place. Oh, the press and television will be full of it, but it would be full of it even if it were not held here. Things have a tendency to get lost in New York, a situation that can be good or bad.

For instance, the United Nations has been in town for thirty years, and, except for demonstrations by segments of the city's endless ethnic communities, it tends to get lost in New York. If the U.N. were in Geneva, it would take over the place, and it would get the deference it feels it deserves. In New York its presence is observed by citizens mostly by the presence of DPL license plates on cars illegally parked in bus stops or other limited zones. Underlings at the U.N. love New York; they understand it and appreciate the virtue of a place in which they can keep their privacy. Overlings, however, make occasional big deals about it in speeches that stress the need for quieter ambiences in which to reach decisions.

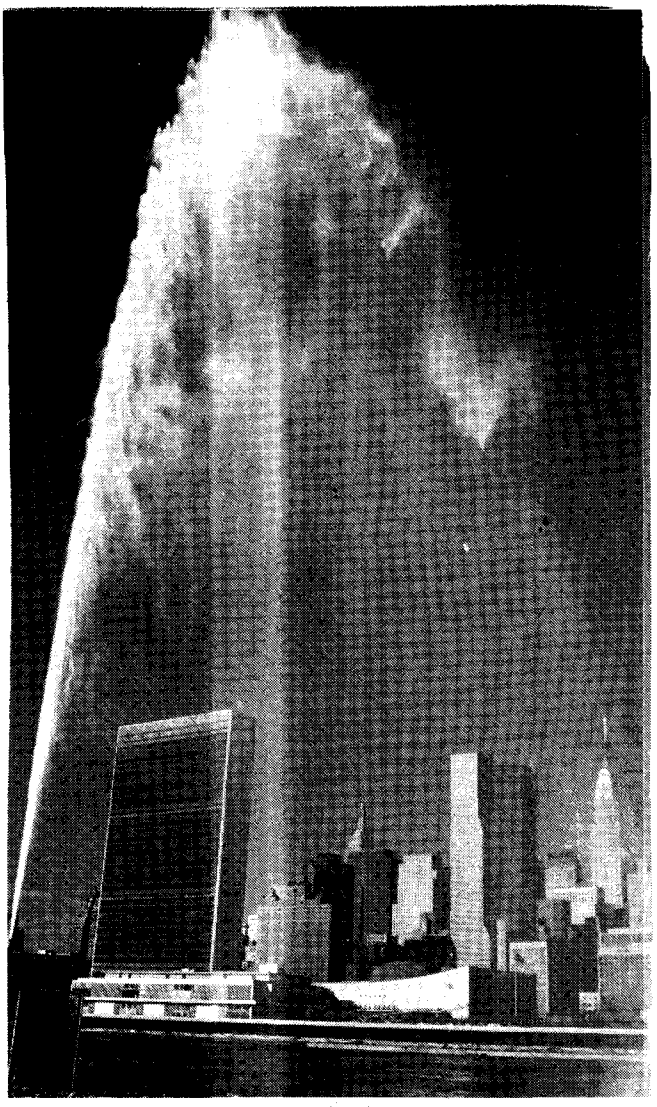
The U.N. stays on, for all its complaints, and there are days when this seems like big news. New Yorkers read stories about industries leaving the city for the suburbs or other states, and they do not reflect on the fact that the first big industry New York lost was the federal government, which made the city the first national capital–temporarily, to be sure–and had George Washington sworn in on Wall Street as President.

The outflow of business, the absolute deterioration of large swaths of New York, have led to something new for the city–a sense of boosterism, which has never been New York's *shtik*. It has ever been a city inured to name-calling: city of sin, city of overlord capital, city of foreign radicalism. It has never really cared–until now. The feeling of take it or leave it has given way to a Rotarian sensitivity about New York jokes, to aspersions from Washington, to solemn prophecies of doom. Several times a year, it seems, a razzle-dazzle Clean Up Times Square campaign is launched, and local cynics look forward to 2025 or so, when the city will be 400 years old and the mayor will launch the Centennial Times Square Cleanup promotion.

Truth to tell, the city is run down. One fringe benefit of the convention may be that delegates will be able to go home and say from conviction that the place really does need help. But even in the red, New York offers more excitement than any other American city does in the pink of condition. It does not stay up as late as it once did, but you can still find crowded pubs and clubs at 2 A.M. of a soft summer weekday morning. On the plushy plastic East Sixties, Seventies, and Eighties, people (and dogs) walk the streets all night.

There are also streetwalkers on Eighth Avenue all night, and day, and late on a Saturday night the street looks like a lurid set from a Cecil B. DeMille film about souls in torment. Times Square was never the Champs Elysées, but it is less so these days.

If New York were a mere city, it would be easy to sum up, but it is not, and almost anything you say about it has some truth to it. It is the dirtiest and most creative city. It has the richest people and the poorest. It is callous and it offers more free services than any other city, including (as of this writing, but perhaps not much longer) a free uni-



American Airlines photos by Bob Takis

Geyser on New York's East River—"Like a lurid set from a film about souls in torment."

A New Yorker by birth (Bronx) and preference (Queens), Richard F. Shepard is a cultural news columnist for The New York Times *and author of* Going Out in New York.

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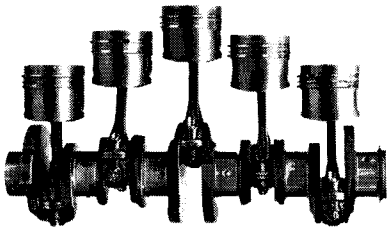

The 5-cylinder 300 Diesel achieved EPA mileage estimates of 28 mpg (highway) and 22 mpg (city). While your mileage depends on how and where you drive and your car's condition, compare these estimates to any full-sized sedan.

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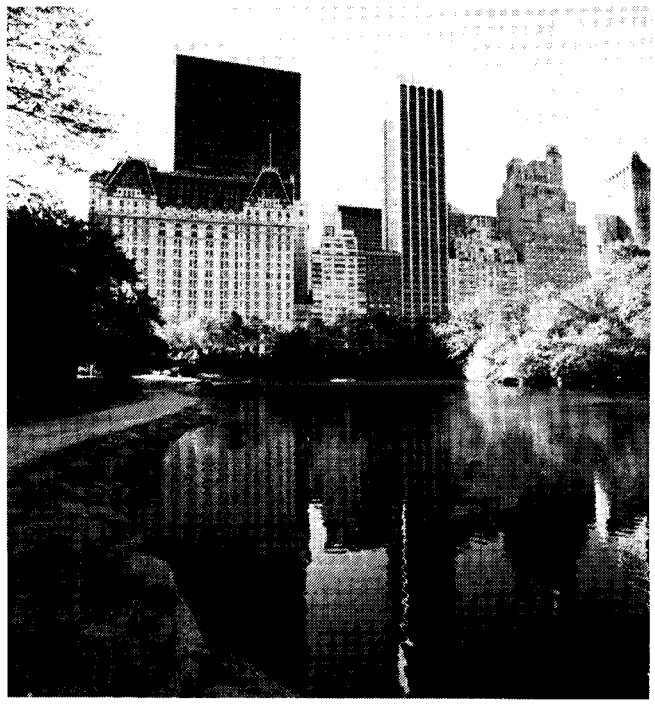
versity education. But New Yorkers do not know their city in its entirety. They are really quite provincial people, haunting their own neighborhoods of residence and of work. That is why you cannot tell what a New Yorker looks like: as you move from street to street the faces change, the costumes change, the storefronts change, even the newspapers on the stands change.

The West Side, between Central Park and the Hudson River, comes closest to being what New York is about. Its population of whites, blacks, and browns is well mixed. You can go into Mikell's, a jazz place up on Columbus Avenue, and see caste and class mingling at the bars and tables in a sociability that would be perhaps not unthinkable but certainly unusual in Queens or Bedford-Stuyvesant. There is a black middle class here and a Hispanic working class. The old Jewish West Siders of Marjorie Morningstar days have moved over to the East Side, except for the funerals that still bring them to Riverside Memorial, but there are younger Jews, and others—the white West Side Reform Democrats, often so irksome in their *crises de conscience*—in the old rent-controlled apartments and in the new high rises, where the rent ascends as far as the buildings do.

Ironically, what the preservationists can't do, the economic decline may accomplish. The new buildings lack tenants, and it will be years, at best, before they are filled, including the World Trade Center's twin towers, which afford the finest view of the city from rooftop (one of the virtues is that you can't see the World Trade Center).

But the real-estate slump, with all the dreadfulness it has wreaked on other boroughs, will preserve the old brownstones and smaller buildings in Greenwich Village and the great blocks of restaurants, such as Forty-sixth between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and Fifty-sixth between Fifth and Sixth. Greenwich Village is a case in point. It was such a quaint place that everyone wanted to move there. So they demolished the quaintness of Eighth Street and put up big buildings. But the Village is like the city itself: there is Eighth Street, its downtown, and the quiet little homes off to the west and the loud night life of Macdougal and Bleecker streets. The Village is all things to all men.



Up in Central Park—"What the preservationists can't do, the economic decline may accomplish."

But the West Side is only part of New York. This is a city where you can't go home again. The neighborhood you were born in is not the one where you are now living, if you are an average New Yorker. The people who grew up and

Roosevelt of Hyde Park

THOSE well-rounded, Groton-groomed accents of Franklin Roosevelt, which will send combers of nostalgia rolling through the psyche of anyone over forty, seep into the ears of visitors to Hyde Park even before the family home is reached. The tones eddy out of the tiny office off the front porch of the family home, two hours north of New York City—recordings of Roosevelt's oratorios, local and earthshaking, including his last campaign speech, delivered on November 6, 1944; some made from the very desk where his pince-nez lie. Inside the main portal the visitor can rent a device that, like a whispered confidence, feeds a fascinating tour of the great house into the ear. The guide: Eleanor Roosevelt. Her own eloquent elocution, her arm-in-arm tour with the visitor, filled with historical memoirs and warm family recollection and, above all, the hard-edged but always proper references to her mother-in-law, make a tour of the house one of the most affecting modern history lessons available in the nation.

The upstairs bedrooms where King George VI and Queen Elizabeth slept during their state visit (later to eat hot dogs at a picnic on the lawn) and FDR's bedroom, which he occupied until he married, are a documentary of the summer White House of the thirties and forties.

By contrast, a presidential library, next door, is an antiseptic collection of fascinating memorabilia. Although it cannot hope to generate the deep personal warmth of the Roosevelt home, its exhibits, with their own insights, especially into FDR's early life—he had never been in a communal schoolroom until he went to Groton at fourteen—provide a glass-case study of a President from boyhood to global power.

Franklin and Eleanor are buried in a simple but impressive plot on the grounds. Sara Delano Roosevelt is removed in death. She is buried in the cemetery of St. James's Episcopal Church nearby. Hyde Park can be reached by car or on Shortline bus from Port Authority terminal, in New York. It is open every day except Christmas, from 9 to 5, and is administered by the National Park Service. —H.S.

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reminisce and rush out to buy books about the Lower East Side and Brownsville and the old Bronx are now living in Queens or the suburbs. There are few, if any, good delicatessens left in the Bronx, but pastrami and corned beef flourish in Forest Hills and Bayside, even in Great Neck.

Even so, Sundays on the East Side are a rare and an exhilarating experience. North of Delancey Street, the trade is mostly black and Spanish-speaking. South of Delancey, it is Jewish, but north and south, the stores are open with stalls that have replaced the pushcarts. Walking in Chinatown is a subway-rush proposition, and you stand in line to sip cappuccino at Ferrara's, on Grand Street, in Little Italy.

During the week the crowds move to Fifth Avenue. Fifth Avenue is, like everything else in New York, not what it used to be. Every other storefront houses an airline, and it is only a question of time before the street runs out of countries able to sponsor them. Thank God for new nations. It is not an aristocratic street anymore, Fifth Avenue, but it draws the strollers and the shoppers and the street musicians and the sidewalk vendors with their *shlock* merchandise that competes with the stores that are constantly featuring going-out-of-business sales. So many people; the dying city, indeed!

Thirty years ago, Stanley Walker, who had become famous as city editor of the *Herald Tribune,* wrote a much-discussed article about why he was leaving New York to return to his native Texas. The city had declined, he said. Manners had deteriorated. It was not much fun. He really hadn't seen anything yet.

That was the start of the boom in building in New York. They tore down everything south of Wall Street and threw up gigantic, faceless, characterless office buildings. They did the same in midtown. It was called progress. The smell of coffee disappeared from Water Street. The Fulton Fish Market's future is linked with a museum that will preserve or recall its past, the South Street Seaport Museum, a wonderful undertaking that has saved a slab of New York from the thirty-year metronome swaying of the wrecker's ball.

The expansion of the Village to make room for resident tourists pushed the poorer artists east, toward Second Avenue, where the old Lower East Side had to endure being called East Village. East Village was the playground of flower children and hippies. It did not last. There are still artists there, but they now live on the Lower East Side. You will find the nucleus of the widespread Off Off Broadway theater nearby, clustered near the Bowery, north of Houston.

The next big migration from Greenwich Village moved south, across Houston, to SoHo, a region of gloomy, dirty streets and awesome interiors. Success has been nagging at SoHo. You can walk into the finest galleries and the most expensive shops and some of the best restaurants, such as the Ballroom, on West Broadway, where audiences actually keep quiet while an act is on.

If downtown Manhattan has changed, so has Harlem. The grinding poverty and neglect still leap out at you as you stare, while trying not to stare, at the idle young men and the idle old people desperately seeking some street cool in the stifling heat of a Harlem summer. Air conditioners are not common accessories in Harlem apartments, at least in poor apartments. But Harlem is more than a black slum. There are middle- and upper-class enclaves, where you see the new cars, the doormen, the tennis courts. There is the Studio Museum in Harlem, near 125th Street, where black artists and photographers receive exhibits that are first class. The Schomburg Collection of Negro Literature and History is a tremendous research center of the black past. Saturday or Sunday in Harlem sometimes perplexes foreigners who have been told that the lot of the black is hard in America. They see blacks well dressed and driving cars, and you have to remind them that, for all that, the lot of black people is hard, worse than that of whites. It is not unrelieved misery, however, for most.

The basic old ethnicities of New York are also in flux. Spanish-speakers are less likely to be Puerto Ricans now than they used to be—they might be Cubans, Dominicans, or Colombians. Out in Flushing Meadows Park, near where the South Americans live in Jackson Heights, Spanish is the language for soccer and even baseball, and its cadence differs from Caribbean Castillian. The city has taken on a more Oriental cast, with Japanese businessmen in the outlying boroughs and many, many Chinese. New York now has the country's largest Chinatown, and, while its backbone is still Cantonese, you will hear more Mandarin and Shanghai dialects than you used to. I used to go to Chinatown years ago with a friend from Peking. He could speak to shop clerks only by writing the mutually understood ideographs. Nowadays he has no problems.

THERE has been a heavy influx of immigrants from India. They are businessmen, own bookstores, restaurants, flower shops. They shop in the Lower East Side discount stores that once drew an almost exclusively Jewish trade. If you go to an emergency room in almost any New York hospital, it is likely you will find yourself in the hands of an Indian doctor. The Indians are new here, but their stories are the same as the ones of the people who came before them.

There is an uneasiness in New York; you cannot deny it. People are moving out, but so many others are moving in. Jobs are tight, but New Yorkers put up with it. For a city that is thought to be so aggressive, its people absorb large doses of daily punishment. Fares go up, subway service is cut. Trains stall, power fails. Police are laid off, rehired, possibly fired again. It is a city that has gone through power blackouts and subway strikes and apartment strikes and impossible traffic jams. Any other people would surely have risen in revolt long ago. But the New Yorker is merely vocal, in that abrasive tongue that absolutely convulses the out-of-towner. In his own group of friends at home, he freely castigates his leaders, if not for their corruption, then at least for their incompetence. He is not averse to minor corruptions; New York, after all, is a city of commerce, and commerce means trading off, in money or favors. The term is "contract." You need a favor, call this fellow I know—he owes me one or he knows me or he is my wife's relative. At any rate, you'll get it better or cheaper or faster.

With all of its arts and culture—still the most and best in the nation—most New Yorkers do not use it. The New Yorker is more in the mode of Sparta than Athens, but it is the toughness that has created wealth and the wealth that has created culture. That is why the flashing of a DON'T WALK sign does not mean "stop" to us; it means "run." One fears to divine New York's future; forecasting is an unreliable pastime. It is best to take the city as it is. It is still alive and, in every respect, kicking. Get it while it lasts. ◉

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The Summer Life

Outdoor Cookery from Barbe to Queue

Clambake or fish fry, Bocuse never cooked up anything like this

by Charles Kuralt

AN OLD refrigerator shelf was all you really needed.

That was your grill. You laid it on a circle of stones surrounding a bare spot on the lawn in the North Carolina backyard of my youth, started a charcoal fire under it, unwrapped a sirloin from the A&P, iced down a few bottles of beer in the wheelbarrow, and invited the neighbors over. After supper you sat talking quietly in the dusk until the mosquitoes got too bad. Contentment was within the grasp of anybody with an old refrigerator shelf.

I should have known something was going wrong when I came home from college to find that my own father had built a brick fireplace in the backyard, with a chimney. The neighbors admired it and set out to exceed it. That was twenty years ago.

You, too, have noticed, I assume, how it all turned out. In this summer of our celebration, the electrical hum of the three-speed spit is heard in the land. It is revolving majestically over a four-wheel, gas-fired, smoke-controlled Adjustable Grid Patio Grill with a copper hood and a warming oven. The chef is wearing an apron with a funny saying on it. He is frowning over his *caneton rôti aux pêches flambées*, trying to decide whether the sauce needs more Madeira. Contentment is not his.

For many years I have been traveling around America mooching meals from friends where possible and observing the decline of suburban serenity. I think the outdoor cooking machine has a lot to do with it. If we are ever going to win back our innocence, we have to rediscover the refrigerator shelf.

The pleasure of outdoor cooking used to be the simplicity of it. This is the ancestral secret of generations of American males that is in danger of being lost: *nothing you can do to a steak cooked outdoors can ruin it.*

A man (outdoor cooks are invariably men, for atavistic reasons having to do, I imagine, with knives and fire and ego) can thoughtfully marinate his steak for hours in a mixture of his own invention—wine vinegar, soy sauce, secret herbs, and tequila; then patiently wait for the coals to reach just the right color and temperature; then quickly sear the steak on both sides to contain its juices; then cook it by feel and by experience; he can do all these things—*or not*—and be certain of triumphant approval. "Good steak, George." "You cooked it just right, Daddy." They will say the same if he unwraps it half frozen, drops it on the grill, and remembers to pause in his drinking to turn it once.

But let this same man begin to believe himself a chef, acquire, in his pride, an outdoor cooking machine, and attempt dishes having to do with delicate sauces or, worse, flaming swords, and we would all be better off staying indoors. Indoors, Daddy disdains to help with the cooking. It is not cooking he loves; it is his machine.

There is still some good outdoor cooking going on in this country, but none of it needs machinery, and none of it comes from Escoffier.

The first meal that comes to mind as I ruminate happily through my own recent memories of outdoor eating is a clambake last summer in Maine. Here is the authentic recipe

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As CBS news correspondent, Charles Kuralt has captured national attention with his unusual televised essays gleaned during trips around the country.

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Gertrude Stein, my father's godmother, once said that in Paris you either have a home and collect art or no home and a wonderful wardrobe. As I was going back to Paris to be married, my decision was easy—a wardrobe! I started with a great man-tailored suit from St. Laurent. Right for dinner at a new show-biz place like Chez Julien. Loosen the tie and you're ready to teach them the Hustle at New Jimmy's. Also loved to poke around Les Puces—the flea markets—for funky stuff like old straw hats... Bogie-type fedoras... faded leather lumber jackets. Dad took us to one of his favorites—Restaurant du Marché—for fresh foie gras... movie people took us to Stella for lunch... a good night place is the old market district, Les Halles—it's like Soho in New York—a mix of fashion, art and literary clowns. Went down to St. Tropez—still dynamite—yacht people, villa people, people in for the day... and they all show up for the 6 PM promenade. Our ringside seat was at Senequier.

For dinner, we'd explore nearby towns.. had great bouillabaise at Tétou in Golfe-Juan... then back to dance at Byblos. Then a last drink at Papagayo. Grandpapa called Paris a moveable feast—right on Gramps. And ditto for the rest of France.

P. S. You don't have to be Margaux Hemingway—international model, movie star and the granddaughter of Ernest Hemingway to have that kind of holiday in France. Ask anyone who has been there. Especially, when they went on any of our direct flights from New York, Chicago, Houston, Los Angeles or Washington, D. C.

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Honor is paid to the peanut, to mules, hot air balloons, the English, French, Germans, Scots, Irish, Czechs and all the others who came here in the name of freedom. Tribute is paid to Hiawatha, Helen Keller, King Kalakaua, the Wright Brothers, P.T. Barnum and Paul Bunyan.

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If you fail to take your kids on The Great American Vacation of '76 this summer, they will never forgive you.

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for a clambake: dig a big hole in a beach. If you have a Maine beach to dig your hole in, so much the better, but any beach will do. Line the hole with rocks. Build a big fire on the rocks and take a swim. When the fire is all gone, cover the hot rocks with seaweed. Add some potatoes just as they came from the ground; some corn just as it came from the stalk; then lobsters, then clams, then another layer of seaweed. Cover the whole thing with a tarp and go for another swim. Dinner will be ready in an hour. It will make you very happy. No machine can make a clambake.

IF THERE is a next-best thing to a Maine clambake, it is a Mississippi fish fry. I have a friend in Mississippi who is trying to keep Yankees from finding out that beneath the slimy hide of the catfish is concealed the flakiest, most delicate of all gifts from sea, stream, or farm pond. He is trying to keep it secret because there are not enough catfish to go around. I know he is my friend because he took me to a fish fry. You dip your catfish in seasoned flour, then in eggs, then in cornmeal, then into a bubbling pot of fat—that's all. Catfish fry happiest when accompanied in the pot by hush puppies. Hush puppies are cornmeal, flour, salt, baking powder, chopped onion, and ham fat, with enough beer worked in to hold them together. A few Baptists use water instead of beer. A fish fry is wonderful, with either wet or dry hush puppies.

Clambakes and fish fries are for fun. I went on a cattle roundup in West Texas this spring and found another brand of outdoor cooking that survives by necessity. Camp cooks are still much honored. They live by the principle that anything that can't be cooked in a heavy black iron skillet over live coals isn't worth eating. Any of the good ones, given a campsite and one hour, can supply from one of those skillets beans, chili, stew, coffee, and even bread baked over the hot coals with additional coals heaped on the skillet lid. It is simple fare, always delicious, and more welcome to a hungry cowhand than anything Paul Bocuse ever created for the jaded palates of the Continent.

I know some trout fishermen on the Upper Peninsula of Michigan who meet frequently at streamside to tell lies, play cribbage, and occasionally persuade some young brook trout that a fanciful floating speck of fur and feathers is actually a mayfly. They succeed often enough to eat well. Their specialty is mushrooms, grilled until their caps fill up with juices, served with a little salt, and washed down with bourbon out of an old tin cup. This is a meal I remember with reverence—mushrooms and bourbon—noble in its simplicity.

From *barbe* to *queue*, the French said, to describe the roasting of a whole hog, from whiskers to tail. And thereby started an argument. Barbecue is one of those things Americans can't agree on, like nuclear power or Ronald Reagan. Midwesterners, to whom barbecue is any roasted meat with ketchup on it, think Midwestern barbecue is best. The best barbecue comes from a genius I know in Lexington, N.C., who merely anoints his hog with salt, pepper, garlic, sage, and a mysterious sauce, wraps it in burlap, buries it in coals, covers it with earth, and serves it in precious shreds hours later with hot corn bread and Brunswick stew. It's simple, he says.

There are Southerners transplanted to New York who achieve almost the same result working with a hibachi on an apartment balcony. They know enough not to get too fancy with their barbecue sauce, whether swabbing it on a whole hog with a new broom in Lexington, N.C., or touching up a little pork tenderloin with a watercolor brush twenty-three floors above Lexington Avenue.

North, South, East, or West, cooking outdoors is a healing and a renewal for those smart enough to keep it simple. Hot dogs and hamburgers, than which nothing is more boring when cooked in the kitchen, become magical delights when grilled outdoors and eaten with your back against an oak tree. Spareribs, sausages, lamb chops, or chicken wings smoked indolently over a section of old stovepipe become greater than they are. Just being outdoors, it is truly said, enhances the flavor of just about everything, but it's not just that. *Is* there a better way of cooking fish than sautéing it, freshly caught, in butter, over a campfire? I have never discovered it. All you need is a fire, a fork, and a frying pan.

What you don't need is a machine.

But I know I am too late. You probably already have one. This is how far the al fresco escalation has gone: a man of my acquaintance, grown rueful and contemplative over the bigger and better outdoor cooking machines of his neighbors, watching their parties grow in size and sophistication, recently came upon a description of an Arab barbecue. A chicken, it seems, is stuffed into the stomach of a lamb, the lamb into the stomach of a cow, and the cow into the stomach of a camel. Roasting takes three days.

He's thinking about it. He says there's a machine at the hardware store that would do the job, but he can't find a camel in Scarsdale. ◉

Beard's Dissertation on Roast Pig

I shall never forget the first barbecued pig I ate in the West Indies. . . . On this occasion, the pig weighed about fifty pounds. One of the household servants started a wood fire early in the dawn and let it cook down to glowing coals. The fire was built right on the ground and forked poles were arranged over it to hold the pig. A large number of stones were put to heat in the fire and as the fire burned down, more and more wood was added to build a great bank of coals. . . .

When the coals were glowing hot, the inside of the pig was stuffed with some of the hot stones from the fire, the pig was spitted on a large stick and hung over the coals to roast. It cooked for hours, being turned by hand every so often and basted constantly with the sauce. The basting tool was a bunch of corn husks tied onto the end of a stick. For the last hour of cooking, plaintains were arranged in the coals under the pig, so that the pork juices would drop down and permeate them while they roasted. When the pig was done, the skin was crisp and pungent with the spices of the sauce, the meat was tender, juicy, and thoroughly done. Nothing ever tasted so good. ◉

From Barbecue with Beard, *by James Beard.*
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The Fan as Designated Sitter

This is baseball's centennial if you don't count the Toltecs, who didn't even know when it was summer

by Red Smith

NEW YORK probably has experienced wilder storms than the one of February 2, 1876, but not many. Descriptions of that day tell of gales up to seventy miles an hour. Rain lashed streets that were almost deserted, and it must have been a strong sense of urgency that drew leaders of the Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford, and Brooklyn baseball clubs through the tempest to the Grand Central Hotel, on lower Broadway, where William A. Hulbert, of Chicago, was registered.

Hulbert was president of the Chicago club in the National Association of Base Ball Players, a loose organization of professionals distinguished equally for drunkenness, dishonesty, and skill. At a meeting in Louisville on December 17, he had convinced representatives of the St. Louis, Cincinnati, and Louisville clubs that, before baseball could prosper, there would have to be a new league, limited to the strongest clubs, with strict enforcement of rules governing players and employers. Having thus obtained power of attorney from the Western clubs, he called a meeting of the Eastern group, who did not care deeply for him.

They didn't care for him because he had raided their rosters, stealing Boston's big four—Al Spalding, Cal McVey, Deacon White, and Ross Barnes—and snatching the legendary Cap Anson from Philadelphia. Nevertheless, they assembled in his room, whereupon he secured his reputation for *chutzpah* by locking the door and pocketing the key.

Then he presented a constitution Spalding had drafted for a new league: no alcohol sold on the grounds, no pool selling or other gambling, no more than one team to a city, and no team in any city with a population under 75,000, each club required to play out its full schedule.

"Mr. Hulbert," Spalding wrote, "magnificently dominated the whole situation."

That was the real beginning. This year of the nation's Bicentennial finds the National League celebrating its centennial, and this is really baseball's centennial, too. The game had been played in New York as early as 1845, if not earlier, though probably not in 1839 in Farmer Phinney's pasture at Cooperstown, as the Abner Doubleday myth pretends. Robert Smith's history, *Baseball in America*, reproduces photographs of a terra-cotta pitcher and two terra-cotta batters from the Toltec period (A.D. 700–1200) dug up in Mexico, and Harold Peterson, author of *The Man Who Invented Baseball*, believes a version of the game was played in North Africa during the Stone Age, 3,000 to 6,000 years before Christ.

Be that as it may, the summer game—the organized professional spectator sport that has given us volumes of folklore and a whole pantheon of folk heroes—is just 100 years old.

Perhaps that is part of its attraction—half of its history has been made in our lifetime; it is right here close to us. We may not have been around to see Addie Joss pitch a no-hitter for Cleveland and beat the Chicago White Sox, who had Big Ed Walsh pitching a one-hitter, but a lot of us have known somebody who was. (George Stovall, Cleveland's first baseman in that game, told me about it.) Names like Tinker, Evers, and Chance are as familiar to us as Seaver, Garvey, and Carew. Christy Mathewson may have been a little too early for us, but Sandy Koufax wasn't. If we missed Ty Cobb, we did see Stan Musial and Joe DiMaggio, Mickey Mantle and Lou Brock.

NOT only have we watched the game with pleasure, most of us have played it, too. For many, baseball is the remembrance of a happy childhood. It evokes endless lazy summer days in cow pastures and vacant lots, for although night baseball in the major leagues is a highly polished and professionally staged theatrical production, it is at bottom the same game we played as kids. At least, this is so of the game played in the National League. The American disfigures the sport and dilutes its strategy by employing ten-man nines. The "designated hitter" is a device designed to hype up the box office, and it has enabled the American League to run from 3.2 million to 3.9 million behind the National in attendance each year.

Still, in spite of gimmicks like that, the game has remained basically unchanged for generations. The ball has been the same size since 1860. Three strikes have been out since 1888. The pitching distance has been sixty feet six inches since 1893. And from the very beginning the bases have been ninety feet apart, a distance that comes as close to perfection as any work of man.

In short, the game Pete Rose plays is the same game we

Walter "Red" Smith, pillar of the sports pages of the late New York Herald Tribune, *writes now for* The New York Times. *He is a 1976 Pulitzer Prize winner.*

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played as boys, a dearly familiar game. The urge to revisit his boyhood is surely one of the magnets that draw a man to Yankee Stadium or Candlestick Park. Thomas Wolfe, a baseball fan, called it the desire "to get back in his blood once more the honest tang of America."

Of course this isn't the only reason why baseball is so inextricably a part of the American summer. The kids who play in Little Leagues all over the country aren't trying to recapture their youth. They play for reasons of their own —to satisfy parents prodding them to excel, to emulate heroes whom they see in the big parks or follow on television, or simply because baseball is and always has been great fun.

Bob Woolf, who has assisted with the financial affairs of 300 athletes, says the sports star has succeeded the movie actor, the crooner, and the rock singer as the new American folk hero. Certainly men like Catfish Hunter, Andy Messersmith, Johnny Bench, and Reggie Jackson belong to a new class of economic royalists, but I doubt that making idols of athletes is a phenomenon of the 1970s.

The late Stan Baumgartner, who pitched in both major leagues and covered sports for *The Philadelphia Inquirer* for the rest of his life, told me of a time when he, a boy in Chicago, followed Doc White, a pitcher for the White Sox, miles along the street, fully aware that he would be whipped for getting home late for supper. The hordes of moppets outside the players' entrance at any ball park bear witness to the fact that the worship of idols has not gone out of fashion.

It isn't only the young ear that can hear the music of baseball. Why does a man driving home from the office stop to watch a pickup game when he knows dinner is on the table and he is expected? He hears something.

We keep reading and hearing that the game is slipping in popularity, losing out to pro football, to basketball, to golf. It is true that the bush-league park, with its wooden fence and wooden stands, is no longer the landmark it used to be in rural America. Television and the changing financial structure of the game have reduced the minor leagues to a handful. Yet in 1973 attendance in the majors passed 30 million for the first time ever; it passed that figure again in 1974 and just missed last year.

This year, when labor strife kept the spring-training camps closed for three weeks, sportswriters and authorities on the air who have their own pipelines to the public kept telling us that the fans were so sick of the haggling over the reserve system and so weary of lawsuits that they were prepared to boycott the parks. So when the season opened, crowds were up by 25 percent.

Opening Day in April is often gloomy and cold. October skies at World Series time may hold a hint of snow. Yet for some Americans, summer begins with one and ends with the other.

Last fall's World Series combined all that is best in the summer game. It isn't possible for mortals to play seven better matches than the Boston Red Sox and Cincinnati Reds played. Topped by the twelve-inning sixth game, the series provided entertainment so far above normal television standards that 76 million viewers tuned in for the seventh game.

They weren't disappointed. Late in that final game, Boston's young relief pitcher, Jim Willoughby, came in and pitched to four batters. None got the ball out of the infield. Then, with the score tied, Willoughby was removed for a pinch hitter in the eighth inning, and in the ninth Cincinnati scored the winning run.

The flavor lasted. Five or six weeks later, a friend of Roger Angell, of *The New Yorker*, dropped into a saloon in Cambridge, Mass. Six or eight loners stood at the bar watching Monday-night football on television. Perhaps five minutes went by with nothing said except by Frank, Howard, and Alex. At length a customer stirred, sighed, and spoke.

"He never should have taken out Willoughby," he said to his empty glass. ◉

The Bard and the Bicentennial

1. O brave new world *The Tempest*
2. I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
   Or unto death, to do my country good
   Henry VI (Part 2)
3. What is the fourth? A burning torch
   Pericles
4. By words or blows here let us win
   our right *Henry VI (Part 3)*
5. Shall the knot of us be call'd
   The men that gave their country liberty?
   Julius Caesar
6. One stroke shall free thee from the
   tribute which thou payest *The Tempest*
7. The British powers are marching hitherward
   King Lear
8. To thy sacred state wish I all happiness
   Richard II
9. This is the state of man: today he puts
   forth the tender leaves of hopes
   Henry VIII
10. Why should their liberty than ours be more?
    The Comedy of Errors
11. Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires,
    clear and bright *Henry VI (Part 2)*
12. Let 'em have their rights *Henry VIII*
13. From England bring that right in peace
    which here we urge in war *King John*
14. But yet thou shalt have freedom
    The Tempest
15. To conclude, the victory fell on us.
    —Great happiness! *Macbeth*
16. Are not the streets as free for me as
    for you? *The Taming of the Shrew*
17. Your Highness curbs me from giving reins
    and spurs to my free speech *Richard II*
18. Taxation? Wherein? And what taxation?
    Henry VIII
19. At thy birth . . . Nature and Fortune
    join'd to make thee great *King John*
20. Shake off our slavish yoke, imp out
    our drooping country's broken wing
    Richard II
21. Blessed shall he be that doth revolt
    King John
22. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
    Julius Caesar
23. This is my birthday *Julius Caesar*
24. Make holiday *The Tempest*

—ARNOLD MOSS

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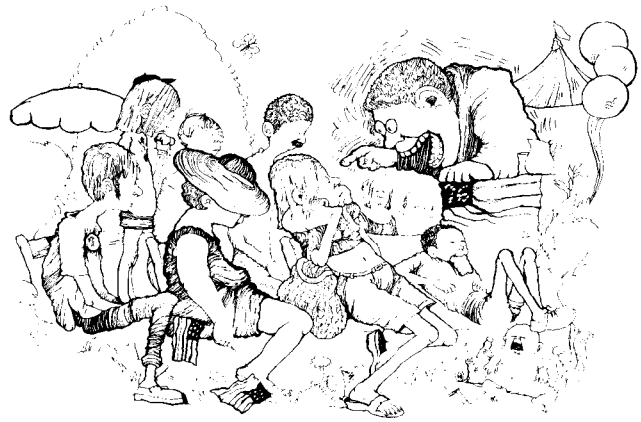
Podium Odium, Seatium Tedium



by Erma Bombeck

No one can reflect on the Great American Summer without remembering the gazebo-shrouded band, thundering fireworks, ice-cream-stained children, and the political orator who aspired, perspired, and liared . . . not necessarily in that order.

The age of rhetoric was important because it marked the first sleeping pill you could get without a prescription.

Ironically, the popularity of political speakers throughout the years has not dwindled. They still see themselves as a Messiah without robes, a healer without "hours," a spellbinder without Hitchcock.

Which is sort of funny, because I view them wearing a digital calendar for a watch and a tank of oxygen hidden somewhere on the back, with prickly creamed-chicken rash on the neck and kidneys the size of a basketball.

I haven't told anyone about my feelings because it is un-American to attack a man's right to say anything he wants to get himself elected. Everyone plays the game. Politicians talk, and we pretend to know what they are talking about. Sometimes I feel I know too much.

To begin with, there is no such thing as a "few brief remarks." Gerald O'Donnel, in Yorkshire, England, stood up to give a "few brief remarks" on June 23, 1959. On June 24, twenty-nine hours and five minutes later, he sat down after delivering the longest political "few brief remarks" in the history of speechmaking.

Had he bought prime time on one of our major networks today, that little number would have cost him an arm and a leg and Iran.

Even Franklin Roosevelt's "fireside chats," which suggest a hello-goodbye-write-when-you-get-work greeting, turned into a half-hour radio spot, pre-empting Fibber McGee and Molly.

Also, beware of political speakers who attempt to broach a large topic while you are standing in the hot sun trying to digest potato salad garnished with botulism. I once heard a speaker give an economic interpretation of the Constitution that ran one hour and thirty-six minutes (including the time-out for laughs).

Debates are even worse. I vacillate between the two opponents, depending on (a) who smiles while he is disagreeing—I *hate* people who smile when disagreeing, (b) who has a chipped tooth, (c) who can quote the Bible, (d) who has to put up with some smartmouth with logic on his side.

I saw the Lincoln-Douglas Debates re-enacted recently on television, and it was the same deal. First I favored Lincoln because he was tall and his suit didn't fit. Then I switched to Douglas, who was short and probably had to have everything altered. Then to Lincoln, who had migraine headaches. Then to Douglas, who had Lincoln headaches. Then to Lincoln because he had warts and a nagging wife, and so it went.

Debates are a waste of time anyway. Most people don't know how they're going to stand until a bumper sticker comes out. I hate politicians who point a finger at me at a dinner while I am trying to work a piece of ham out of my front teeth and charge, "What are you doing to make democracy work?"

Once they have established eye contact with someone in the audience, their message becomes a personal one. They implore me to "get involved," "make the lawmakers listen to my pleas," "allow only competent men to return to Congress," "demand integrity!"

I'm supposed to run this country single-handedly and I can't even get a piece of ham out of my teeth.

Other catchy phrases that have put my entire body to sleep have been "Let's take a look backward" (or forward). I know I never have enough clothes with me to make the trip. Or "Let's talk about the uncommitted generation." You know he's going to mention them . . . individually. And what about "What happened to government control?"? (Why? Is one missing?)

If history books are to be believed, politicking hasn't changed in the last 200 years. It's about time it did.

I'd like to see some new revelations hit the political trail. Let's have more funny speeches, like the one in which the candidate explained how losing a primary was actually to his advantage. Let's have more candidness: a candidate should tell us right at the top the things he doesn't know, so we don't have to find out for ourselves.

Give voters a chance to see a candidate frowning. You can tell a lot about a man when he frowns.

Give me a political aspirant any day who has a simple foreign policy like "Don't drink the water in Tijuana." A hopeful who, when someone mentions a poll, says, "That's an ethnic slur, isn't it?" But most of all, God, give me a political speaker who suffers from shortness of breath when he chews gum.

Free speech, indeed. As my father always said, "You get what you pay for." ◉

Erma Bombeck's column appears in newspapers throughout the country. A lecturer, she resides in Paradise Valley, Ariz. Her new book is The Grass Is Always Greener over the Septic Tank.

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You are invited to enjoy a Bicentennial exhibition of America's theater, dance and music at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts.

The variety and richness of American entertainment during the past two hundred years are reflected in "America on Stage: 200 years of performing arts," a major exhibition of memorabilia, photographs, posters, designs, costumes, models and other artifacts at the John F. Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts in Washington, D.C. The exhibition, which is funded by a grant from IBM, is open from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M. seven days a week, through 1976. Admission is free. Don't miss it.

AMERICA ON STAGE
200 years of performing arts

Illustrations courtesy: Armstead-Johnson Foundation, Detroit Inst. of Arts, Free Library of Phila., Martha Swope, Mel Miller, Museum of Repetoire Americana, NY Public Library, Staples & Charles, U. of Washington

IBM

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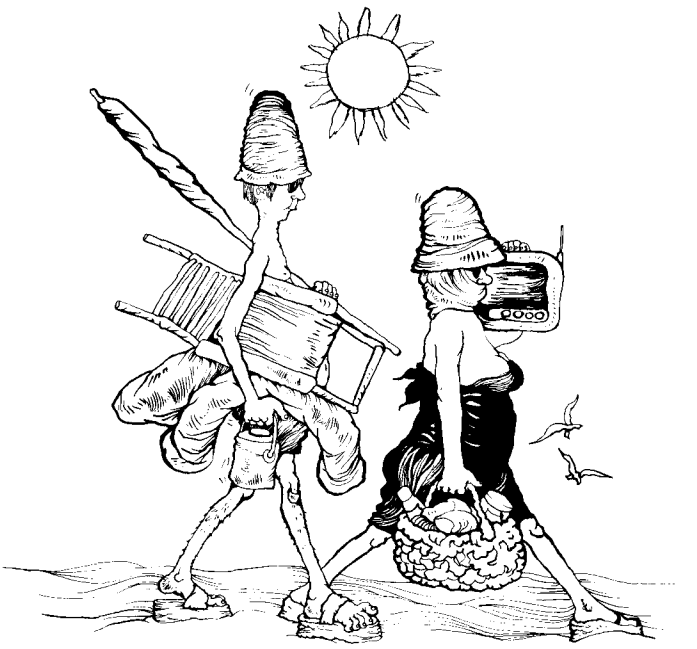
The Summer Life

With Kit Bag and Caboodle

The National Parks are all-American, but the national extremities are someplace else



I The Extremities

TALK about apple-pie Americana: no aspect of the national life-style is more so than the summer vacation. It goes back to an era when we drank fresh-squeezed lemonade on front-porch gliders, escaping oppressive urban heat for daytime seaside breezes and sleepable mountain evenings at rustic lakeshore lodges and beachfront hotels.

The Bicentennial Year will see us spreading out to what might be termed the American Extremities: tropical Hawaii and northern Alaska—our newest states—and Puerto Rico, the American commonwealth in the Caribbean. At the same time, we'll reflect on the national heritage, environmental as well as historic, in the phenomenon of the National Parks system—as far-flung as the territory of the nation itself.

Hawaii. State No. 50 is the Great American Travel Experience for several good reasons. It is, to begin, hygienic; we may take comfort in knowing that we've merely substituted the protection of *its* state board of health for ours. It is, as well, attractive. Tinges of the tacky have begun to penetrate Waikiki's Kalakaua Avenue in the last season or two. But it is anything but vulgar, and the Neighbor Islands still are too new at the tourist game to have been despoiled (which is not to say that this may not happen). As for accommodations, in no major resort—anywhere—are prices better. Consider luxury-category doubles at $34 to $46, first-class doubles at $22 to $30, budget doubles at $16 to $20. One can go higher and lower, but these are average costs for modern, bath-equipped rooms on the three major levels. And there are OTC charters, from as far away as New York, at $359, including air fare, hotel room, and breakfasts for a week.

The rest follows the American preference pattern—adequate, albeit rarely exciting or overly exotic, food (if one excepts easily avoidable Hawaiian specialties); daytime diversion that includes super swimming, sunning, and surfing; exceptional golf and tennis; after-dark entertainment embracing the outrageously corny and the ever-so-dim disco. And shops: Hawaii at times appears a sea of emporiums, which is just the way the upward-mobile vacationer appears to want it.

The proportion of repeaters is astonishingly high. First-time visitors establish headquarters at Waikiki, gingerly sampling downtown Honolulu, rural Oahu Island, and the major Neighbor Islands—Maui, Kauai, the Big Island of Hawaii—on excursions. Succeeding trips see them settling in away from Waikiki—enjoying manager Grace Guslander's inventive touches at Kauai's Coco Palms, queen of the Island Holidays group of ten hotels; deep-sea fishing out of the new King Kamehameha Hotel, in the little village of Kailua-Kona, on the Big Island; golfing and swimming at Laurance Rockefeller's Mauna Kea Beach Hotel, the Big Island's showplace; or relaxing at, say, the Royal Lahaina, on Maui's hotel-flanked Kaanapali Beach.

Back in Waikiki, Sheraton dominates, with five hotels, ranging from the very grand Royal Hawaiian, a pink 1920s palace that is maintained beautifully, to the Moana—seventy-five this year and the oldest hotel in the state—which is aging with but minimal grace. The wonder, though, is that it has not long since been razed. One appreciates it all the more, as I did in the course of a recent stay, watching the construction from my Kalakaua Avenue window of the twin-tower Hyatt Regency Waikiki, across the street. This newest Waikiki giant is easily three times the height of the Moana, whose scale is a link with that extinct age of Hawaiian tourism when visitors, in modest quantities, came by slow ships rather than fast planes. —ROBERT S. KANE

Alaska. The concept, simple enough, appears to have come from Europe, where cruises on luxury liners to the icebergs, glaciers, and snowy peaks of Norway's North Cape have long been a classic. In recent seasons it has been transplanted to Alaska with remarkable success.

This year there will be more than 100 cruises, on the vessels of a dozen lines, sailing the Inside Passage, from as far south as Los Angeles to Juneau, Alaska's capital, at the tip of a fjord-flanked coast that need yield in no respect—certainly not that of scenery—to Norway's.

You set your own style of cruising, from the functional vessels of Alaska State Ferries (weekly out of Seattle) through to the Finnish-modern luxury of the Royal Viking *Sea*, which sails from Los Angeles and San Francisco on a series of seven two-week packages with fares starting at

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$1,115. Cunard's less opulent *Adventurer*, on the other hand, makes a shorter run, from Vancouver, British Columbia, north to Juneau, taking one week instead of Royal Viking's fortnight, with prices starting at $620. And there are other choices, including Pacific Far East's *Mariposa* and *Monterey*, Princess Line's *Pacific, Island,* and *Sun Princesses*, Sitmar's *Fairsea,* Pacquet's *Renaissance*, Holland America's *Prinsendam,* and Lindblad Travel's *Explorer.*

There are variations in itinerary, but one can invariably count on a visit to Juneau, still raw around the edges and surely the only state capital with a visitable monster of a glacier—Mendenhall by name—as a suburb; Skagway, a remnant of the Gold Rush, which appears to be a tongue-in-cheek movie set but is the genuine article; Sitka, the onetime capital of Russian America, with a honey of a little Orthodox cathedral-*cum*-treasury, a gem of a museum of Alaska's history and cultures—the Sheldon Jackson—and a disproportionate quantity of sassy charm; and Glacier Bay, America's sole floating National Monument, where National Park Service rangers come aboard one's vessel to exclaim over the natural wonders to port and starboard.

Alaska's spectacular beauty—those gorgeous white peaks framing frosty blue shores, the clearness of the atmosphere, the brilliance of the sun—is a treat in itself. Quite as appealing are the Alaskans—unpretentious, open, amiable, and, in many cases, more than just a mite bittersweet over the homes they left behind, down south in that portion of our country known in Alaska as the Lower 48. —R.S.K.

Puerto Rico. The nation's Latin extremity poaches in the Caribbean Sea, a three-and-a-half-hour flight from New York, two hours and twenty minutes from Miami. Traveling there in the summer was once as unheard of as a July vacation on the French Riviera. No more. The air-conditioned hotels of San Juan—almost all of them with cool gaming parlors and most of them equipped with pools and blessed by a slice of beachfrontage—are relatively a summer bargain.

The new Le Lo Lai promotion, which the commonwealth government has organized, displays the culture that makes the island more than just another palmy sandbar. A Bomba show depicting island life through dance erupts in El Convento, a San Juan hotel that was once an Old City convent. Street fairs every Tuesday and Saturday rattle the pierside quarter, where the cruise ships are docked. Saturday nights the Areyto Folkloric Ballet of Puerto Rico performs in dances that combine the three major island cultures: African, Spanish, and Taino Indian. The mountain farmers, called *jíbaros,* provide the spirit of a weekly Fiesta Jíbara, held Fridays at the new Hyatt Rio Mar, in the country east of San Juan. The mountain music—or country music P.R. style—derives from the *cuatro,* a ten-string mandolin played to the beat of a *güiro*, a ridged gourd that is scraped as mountain music people once drew rhythms from washboards. Under the Spaniards an orchestra featuring a vocalist and *güiro* player was forbidden by law from playing in San Juan. That rule has long since been junked, and *jíbaro* festivals are staged by various hotels in addition to the official one organized by the commonwealth at Rio Mar.

A new sound-and-light show in Fort Cristobál, one of the old Spanish bastions, puts floodlights on high points of island history, including Columbus's arrival in 1493 and Ponce de León's departure for Florida in pursuit of the Fountain of Youth. —H.S.

II National Parks

The National Parks. What you do, once you become a National Parks nut, is keep a list of the ones you've visited. I have a copy of Michael Frome's definitive *National Park Guide* (Rand McNally), in which I tick off sites I've visited, with an asterisk to denote favorites.

Of the natural—by that I mean nonhistoric—parks, I find stars alongside the names of Haleakala, a dormant volcanic crater the size of Manhattan Island on the island of Maui, in Hawaii; neighboring Bryce Canyon and Zion parks, in southern Utah; the swampy Everglades—alligators and all—in Florida; Arizona's awesome Grand Canyon; Wyoming's classic pair: Grand Teton and Yellowstone (the granddaddy of them all, dating to 1872, four years in advance of the nation's Centennial); Virgin Islands, by which is meant much of the verdant island of St. John, and its marine life; and Wind Cave, a cluster of limestone caverns in the Black Hills of South Dakota, with a resident population of inquisitive prairie dogs scurrying about.

One is often hard put to understand the Interior Department's insistence on designating some sites as National Parks and others as National Monuments. The latter, it appears, are not considered to be as prestigious as the former, although many are quite as impressive. I like the lunarlike landscape of Badlands National Monument, in South Dakota; the unusual Indian mounds of Dinosaur National Monument, which straddles Utah and Colorado; the glaciers and icebergs of Glacier Bay National Monument (see section on Alaska); the great virgin redwoods of Muir Woods, outside San Francisco; and, for that matter, the Statue of Liberty, in the beautiful harbor of the city where I live.

I am partial, as well, to National Historic Sites—Edison's gracious house and laboratory in New Jersey; Ford's Theater, where Lincoln was assassinated, in Washington; Hyde Park, the Roosevelt family home, in the Hudson River valley; a group of restored whaling-era structures in Salem, Mass.; El Morro, the immense fortress built by the Spaniards in the seventeenth century to guard the harbor of San Juan, P.R.

The National Memorials I have visited are less satisfying. Alexander Hamilton's Harlem house is virtually devoid of furnishings. Federal Hall National Memorial, in lower Manhattan, is hardly a substitute for the nation's first capitol, which it succeeded in the mid-nineteenth century. And I am of two minds over the carved likenesses of four of our leaders on the facade of South Dakota's Mount Rushmore. One of the two National Seashores I know—Cape Cod—is first-rate. The other—Fire Island, where I have a beach cottage—wants a more aggressive natural-environment policy and an expanded public-education program.

Criticism of maintenance in the more popular parks is in order. But one must consider the statistics. For the entire system of nearly 300 sites there is a full-time staff of but 7,200, with 6,500 additional seasonal employees and some 6,000 volunteers. The price is right, too: less than one-third of the sites charge admission—usually 50 cents to $1—and that can be reduced, for visitors to many sites, through purchase of the Golden Eagle pass for about $10.

As for total admissions, they are not a little staggering. Last year saw more than 25 million. This year, expectations are for 2 million more. Of the world's countries only Canada and some African lands have National Parks systems on the order of ours. —R.S.K.

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The Summer Celebrations

Candles on the Cake

The pick of the parties from the Statue of Liberty clear to Spokane

by Robert S. Kane

OFF TO A SLOW and an uncertain start, the Bicentennial celebration may turn out to be the most memorable birthday in the nation's history. The American Revolution Bicentennial Administration, a specially created federal agency, has encouraged states and communities to celebrate in their own style, all coordinated under ARBA. So many events are planned that the administration regularly publishes a directory of events as large as the Manhattan telephone book. Here is a pick of the crop.

Washington, D.C.—Folklore, Art, Music, and History

Though not in existence at the time of the Revolution, the nation's capital promises to offer the summer's most extraordinary mix of first-rate events. The Festival of American Folklife, a joint Smithsonian Institution–National Park Service presentation, on the Mall, expects 100,000 daily visitors. (It runs Wednesday through Sunday until September 6.) There will be 5,000 participants from throughout the country, demonstrating the music, dance, crafts, occupational skills, and regional foods of the American people.

Museums will vie with those of New York for exceptional Bicentennial exhibits. The National Gallery's "Eye of Thomas Jefferson" will evoke our third President's artistic and intellectual genius. The show comprises paintings, sculpture, and decorative objects gathered over a two-year period from ranking museums, both American and European. (Through September 6.)

The Smithsonian's National Museum of History and Technology's "A Nation of Nations" will—by means of 6,000 specially assembled objects—illustrate the country's evolution, historical and cultural, and will range from Washington's mess kit to Eddie Cantor's makeup kit. (Through September 6.)

The National Portrait Gallery's "Abroad in America" is a group of paintings, maps, diaries, and books that show us as foreign visitors saw us, from the Revolution through World War I. (Through November 6.)

"America on Stage: 200 Years of the Performing Arts" is the program theme through year's end at the Kennedy Center, and it will be accompanied by a display of more than 1,000 items of memorabilia embracing all aspects of the lively arts: theater, films, music, dance, costumes, playbills, minstrel shows, theater architecture, and circuses. Among the exhibits will be Sally Rand's fan, the actual Nobel Prize awarded to Eugene O'Neill in 1936, and Duke Ellington's baton.

Every night except Mondays, between June 14 and September 6, the Young Americans, a group of thirty singers and dancers, will present an original musical—"Music '76"—at the Sylvan Theater, on the Mall, from 8:00 to 9:30 P.M. Significant events in American history will be depicted in song and dance, and an original collage of familiar music will pay tribute to national character traits. The finale will include a five-minute narration by a prominent American and an aerial fireworks display. The musical offering is sponsored by the Marriott Corporation, and admission is free.

New York—"Operation Sail," Museums, Floating Barge

OpSail promises to be a spectacular in the New York manner—the nation's first capital putting its best foot forward. It will embrace the largest fleet of sailing vessels collected at a single point in some four centuries. The date is July 4, when 225 ships from thirty countries, honoring the role of the sailing ship in the nation's development, will sail past the Statue of Liberty upriver to Spuyten Duyvil, two miles north of the George Washington Bridge. An expected 5 million spectators will line the New York and New Jersey shores. A day earlier, July 3, will see naval ships from twenty-five countries sail into New York Harbor to join the carrier USS *Forrestal* in a Bicentennial naval review; the public may go aboard the naval ships on July 5.

Four New York City museums have exceptional Bicentennial exhibits: New-York Historical Society, Museum of the City of New York, Metropolitan Museum of Art, and Whitney Museum of American Art.

The New York State Bicentennial Barge—the only statewide public program commemorating the nation's Bicentennial and the largest state-sponsored project in the country—will tour through the state's major waterways, making stops at thirty-six communities during its four-and-a-half-month

The author of the ten-volume A to Z *travel books, Robert S. Kane also writes on travel for newspapers and magazines.*

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voyage. On board will be an exhibition of historical memorabilia pertaining to the historical and cultural character of New York State from 1765 to 1789. Admission is free.

Philadelphia's "Salute to the States"

The city that was the site of the nation's Centennial exposition, with such national treasures as Independence Hall and the Liberty Bell, will honor contemporary America with its summer-long "Salute to the States." Each of the Union's states and territories will have a day of its own. Three venerable Chestnut Street buildings will serve as repositories for the states' displays of historical materials, and entertainers will perform al fresco on Independence Mall and in front of the recently reopened Philadelphia Museum of Art. Depending on the date of your visit, you'll see such shows as North Dakota's "Festival '76," a musical with a cast of 135; San Antonio's forty-five Freedom Folksingers, or "Mainland 49" —a salute to fellow states by Hawaii's Cathedral Youth Choir.

Queen Elizabeth's Visit—Six States and D.C.

Following such Bicentennial Year visitors as Belgium's King Baudouin, Sweden's King Carl XVI Gustaf, Denmark's Queen Margrethe II, and France's President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the reigning descendant of the British sovereign against whom the thirteen colonies successfully revolted—Queen Elizabeth II—will visit six of the former colonies and Washington, D.C., affording considerable opportunities to be glimpsed by her American cousins. The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh, will take in such attractions as Philadelphia's Independence Hall and Museum of Art (July 6); Washington's Lincoln Memorial, National Gallery, and Capitol, where the Magna Carta, on loan from England, will have preceded her (July 7–8); Harlem's Morris-Jumel Mansion, lower Manhattan's Federal Hall, and New York Harbor (July 9); the Jefferson Rotunda, in Charlottesville, Va., and his home at nearby Monticello (July 10); and Boston's Old North Church, Old State House, and USS *Constitution* (July 11).

Miami Beach: "Hooray USA!"

Never far removed from Broadway, Florida's prime resort is celebrating with "Hooray USA!" a slam-bang, million-dollar extravaganza, July 4–23, at Miami Beach Convention Center. Its promoters insist it will be "more than a Broadway musical, more than a folk drama, more than a circus or parade." Creator-producer is Earnie Seiler, who stages the Orange Bowl spectaculars, and choreographer is Broadway's Donald Saddler. The cast, which will include horses, mules, and a cow, runs into the hundreds and will take final bows before a two-story-high birthday cake lit by 200 candles.

New Orleans's "France-Louisiana Festival"

Beginning on Independence Day and ending on Bastille Day, the most Gallic-accented of major American cities will honor our Revolutionary ally with a July 4–14 festival whose special guests will be Miss France (Mlle. Sophie Périn) and French folk artists. Most events will take place in Rivergate Convention Center, including crafts demonstrations, art exhibits, and movies. Other programs will be staged at the New Orleans Museum of Art, Municipal Auditorium (the New Orleans Summer Pops will salute France), and Longue Vue Gardens (Delta Festival Ballet).

Detroit—"The Struggle and the Glory"

Still not as appreciated as it should be outside the Midwest as one of the nation's finest Americana museums, Greenfield Village & Henry Ford Museum, in Dearborn (adjacent to Detroit), has assembled an exhibit depicting Revolutionary life. "The Struggle and the Glory," which opened in April and runs through October, takes visitors on a walk that starts with the French and Indian War and ends with the birth pangs of the new Republic. Along the way, visitors will pass John Hancock's card table, Washington's campaign chest, and letters to and from such disparate figures as George III, John Adams, and Benedict Arnold.

San Francisco's "Silver Eagle Celebration"

Not to be outdone by New York's OpSail, San Francisco —which observes its own as well as the U.S. Bicentennial— has invited thirty countries and our navy to send ships to its magnificent harbor for a Fourth of July procession. In addition, there will be some 4,000 privately owned sailboats on hand to salute the visiting vessels.

Washington State—"We've Got the Spirit"

The spirit, in this case, is being provided by youngsters attending Spokane Falls and six other community colleges throughout the state. These students are in the cast of "We've Got the Spirit," a revue that is the state's major Bicentennial thrust, with a schedule worthy of the most vigorous presidential candidates. Opening was at Spokane's Opera House on May 4, and the closing is ninety-one performances later, on September 15, after which all of Washington's thirty-nine counties will have seen this three-act musical portraying the discovery, exploration, and development of the Pacific Northwest, 1776–1976.

Nebraska—Sculpture on Interstate 80

Nebraska commemorates the national birthday with a solid, lasting project as imaginative as it is sensible: monumental sculptures, created by ten American artists, placed at landscaped roadside rests along 455 miles of Interstate 80, from Omaha, in the east, to Ogallala, the "Cowboy Capital," in the west. The works were commissioned as a result of a nationwide competition organized by the Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, at the University of Nebraska, and were judged by a committee of American museum directors. All ten sculptures will be dedicated on July 4.

Virginia to Oregon—"Bikecentennial '76"

The idea is to encourage leisurely, healthy, nonpolluting cross-country travel that is at once cheap and rewarding. "Bikecentennial '76" is a nonprofit Montana-based enterprise, principally funded by its own 5,000 members and by a matching grant from the American Revolution Bicentennial Administration. It has U.S. Department of Transportation endorsement of its 4,250-mile trail of secondary and rural roads from Williamsburg, Va., to Astoria, Oreg., which crosses ten states, twenty-five National Forests, and Yellowstone and Grand Teton National Parks. "Bikecentennial '76" has divided its route into a series of shorter, vacation-length segments and offers no-frills twelve-day tours at $185 per person, with adults—including many professional people—signing on, along with youngsters. Information: P.O. Box 1034, Missoula, Mont. 59801. ◉

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Philly in '76

A respected chronicler's report on the fair that marked our first century

One out of every five Americans in 1876 attended the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. The only major planned celebration of the nation's birthday, it opened on May 10 and closed six months later. There were 200 buildings spread out over 450 acres, and more than thirty foreign nations were represented. Railroads reduced the fares to Philadelphia to entice visitors. The fifty-cent admission charge to the Centennial grounds was considered puny, given the wondrous entertainment to be found there, and the Chicago Tribune *editorialized, "Come at all events, if you have to live six months on bread and water to make up for the expense." This account is abridged from an article by William Dean Howells that appeared in* The Atlantic Monthly *for July, 1876. Thirty-nine in 1876 and editor of* The Atlantic, *Howells wrote more than 100 novels before his death in 1920.* —JANE MAJESKI

IF WE HAD BEEN the most methodical of sight-seers we could hardly have systematized our observations on a first day. . . . We wandered quite aimlessly about from one building to another, and, if we ever had anything definite in view, gave ourselves the agreeable surprise of arriving at something altogether different. . . .

Comparatively few of the French pictures [in the Art Hall] were yet in position, and the display had nothing of the strongly distinctive quality of the English. Whole rooms devoted to the French were barred against the public, but enough was visible to emphasize the national taste for the nude. When one caught sight of this in paintings just unpacked and standing against the wall, it was as if the subjects had been surprised before they had time to dress for the Centennial, so strongly is the habit of being clothed expressed in the modern face. . . .

We went next to the Machinery Hall, through the far extent of which we walked, looking merely to the right and the left as we passed down the great aisle. Of that first impression the majesty of the great Corliss engine, which drives the infinitely varied machinery, remains most distinct. After that is the sense of too many sewing-machines. The Corliss engine

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does not lend itself to description; its personal acquaintance must be sought by those who would understand its vast and almost silent grandeur. . . . In the midst of this ineffably strong mechanism is a chair where the engineer sits reading his newspaper, as in a peaceful bower. . . . He is like some potent enchanter there, and this prodigious Afreet is his slave who could crush him past all semblance of humanity with his lightest touch. It is alas! what the Afreet has done to humanity too often, where his strength has superseded man's industry; but of such things the Machinery Hall is no place to speak, and one never thinks of such things there. One thinks only of the glorious triumphs of skill and invention; and wherever else the national bird is mute in one's breast, here he cannot fail to utter his pride and content. It would be a barren place without the American machinery. All that Great Britain and Germany have sent is insignificant in amount when compared with our own contributions. . . .

Our second day at the Centennial began in the Main Building, where after a glance at the not very satisfactory Italian department we found ourselves presently amid the delicate silver-work, the rich furs, the precious and useful metals, the artistic representations of national life of Norway. It was by far the completest department in the building. . . . It was not possible, when we saw it, to judge the French department as a whole, and I ought not perhaps to speak of it at all, since so much of it was incompletely arranged. Yet, with all the richness and infinite variety of material the general effect was of shoppiness. The British show was in a more generous spirit, and it was far more interesting. It represented, of course, in English and colonial exhibits, a whole world of varied arts and industries. . . .

Liberty's torch—An exhibit on the 450-acre fairgrounds.

Culver

After paying our duty to these objects, we took our first ride on the narrow-gauge railroad, of which the locomotive with its train of gay open cars coughs and writhes about the grounds in every direction, with a station at each of the great buildings. I believe this railroad has awakened loathing in some breasts, and that there has been talk of trying to have it abolished. But I venture to say this will never be done, and in fact I do not see how the public could get on without it. The fare is five cents for the whole tour or from any one point to another; the ride is luxuriously refreshing, and commands a hundred charming prospects. To be sure, the cars go too fast, but that saves time; and I am not certain that the flagmen at the crossings are sufficiently vigilant to avert the accidents whose possibility forms a greater objection to the railroad than mere taste can urge against it. . . .

We thought it well during our week at the Centennial to lunch as variously as possible, and I can speak by the card concerning the German Restaurant, the two French Restaurants, and the Vienna Bakery; the native art in cooking we did not test. The German Restaurant and the Lafayette Restaurant are very reasonable in their charges, less expensive, indeed, than most first-class city restaurants. The Trois Frères Provençaux is impudently extortionate. Not that dishes cooked with so much more sentiment than any you can find elsewhere are not worth more, but that there are absurd charges for what Americans ordinarily pay nothing for: bread, butter, and service at double and quadruple the Parisian rates. But it is even worse at the Vienna Bakery, where they have twenty-five cents for a cup of coffee, and not good coffee at that—not at all the coffee of Vienna. Happily, no one is obliged to go to these places for sustenance. There are a hundred others within the grounds where you may lunch cheaply and well, or cheaply and ill, which most of our nation like better. There is, for instance, a large pavilion where one may surcharge the stomach with pie and milk at a very low price, an American Restaurant, a Southern Restaurant (served by lustrous citizens of color). . . .

The grounds of the Centennial are open twelve hours every day, and your payment of fifty cents admits you for all that time to everything there. No account, however close, however graphic, can give a just conception of the variety and interest of the things to be seen. The whole season would not exhaust them; a week or a month enables you to study a point here and there. Yet if you have but a single day to spend, it is well to go. You can never spend a day with richer return.

A very pleasant thing about the exhibition is your perfect freedom there. There are innumerable officials to direct you, to help you, to care for you, but none of them bothers you. If you will keep off those clay slopes and expanses which are placarded Grass, there will be no interference with any caprice of your personal liberty. This is the right American management of a public pleasure. . . .

The undertaking merits all possible prosperity, and whatever were the various minds in regard to celebrating the Centennial by an international fair, no one can now see the fair without a thrill of patriotic pride. ◉

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The Summer Arts

SR Books: Hammock Reading

by Peter Andrews

IT HAS been fashionable, almost mandatory, to make fun of the excesses of the Bicentennial Year. Anyone looking for a relatively sick gag has only to read the newspapers and there is a fairly good chance he will find a Bicentennial tidbit that fills the bill. One enterprising manufacturer has announced a sale on red-white-and-blue toilet seats, while the South Gate Casket Company in California is featuring a special on coffins done up in stars and stripes. The Midwestern Cattle Breeders' Association is sponsoring a Bicentennial bull-semen special that offers seven quarts for the price of six. And so it goes.

The book-publishing industry has not been exactly simonpure either when it comes to cashing in on the nation's 200th-birthday celebration. But it has produced several worthwhile volumes we might not otherwise have had.

It's unlikely, for instance, that *A New Age Now Begins*, by Page Smith (McGraw-Hill, two volumes, $24.95), would have seen the commercial light of day if it hadn't been for the Bicentennial. A sprawling work of more than 1,800 pages, the book was turned down by a long and distinguished list of American publishers, who were afraid it was simply too big to be economically viable. It has, of course, become the publishing success of the year—and deservedly so. It is a friendly monument of a book, huge and encyclopedic, yet always approachable. Smith is a great narrative historian in the tradition of Samuel Eliot Morison and Bruce Catton. He gives you a measure of straight historical information and then rewards you with a good story.

Although Smith is consultant and historical adviser to the People's Bicentennial Commission, and has given his book the slightly revisionist subtitle "A People's History of the American Revolution," the work is entirely traditional. He breaks little new ground, but does conduct a masterful tour of familiar terrain. There are a few minor annoyances. Smith seems to feel that people in Colonial times spelled funny, and he writes such things as a ship's cargo being composed of "peppar and gingar" when "pepper and ginger" would have done just as well. He also tells us that we should be happy there are no footnotes. We're not. When a reader spends the money and the time on 1,800 pages of closely packed narrative, he has a right to know where it all came from. Nonetheless, *A New Age Now Begins* is thus far the most impressive single work of the Bicentennial Year.

A Cultural History of the American Revolution, by Kenneth Silverman (Crowell, $17.50), written under a Bicentennial grant from the National Endowment for the Humanities, is a stunning piece of work once it gets under way. An associate professor of English at New York University, Silverman has constructed a richly detailed history of the early development of American painting, music, literature, and theater against the backdrop of the Revolutionary period. After a horrifically muddled opening few pages, perhaps written to satisfy the academic requirements of his grant, Silverman settles down to his task of recalling the cultural heritage created by early American artists. A meticulous historian, Silverman has a good popular journalist's eye for the illuminating anecdote. In just a few deft lines he recaptures an enchanting picture of a twenty-two-year-old Charles Willson Peale, who wanted to become a painter but knew so little about the subject that he had to go out and buy a book on painting to learn which colors to buy. Silverman keeps the development of American artistic life and the political times of the Revolution in good balance. It came as a surprise to me at any rate that Copley painted his gentle masterpiece "Boy with Squirrel" about the same time he was engraving a Stamp Act cartoon showing an American dog relieving himself on a British viper.

A Bicentennial Bookshelf

Campaigns of the American Revolution, by Douglas W. Marshall and Howard H. Peckham (University of Michigan Press and Hammond, Inc., $25), is a book that any military buff will treasure. For the first time, the most important contemporary situation maps of the Revolution have been pulled together in a single volume. The collection includes such gems as the scruffy sketch of Breed's Hill drawn by a British officer while recuperating from a foot amputation following the misnamed battle, and a beautifully crafted chart of the approaches to Forts Washington and Lee on the Hudson River. Accompanying each map is a detailed and knowledgeable narrative of the actual battle.

Portraits from The Americans: The Democratic Experience, by Daniel J. Boorstin (Random House, $15 cloth, $6.95 paper), is a quiet but ultimately engrossing book. At first glance, it seems to be little more than an illustrated museum catalog. Indeed, this version grew out of a Bicentennial exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery based on Boorstin's original Pulitzer Prize winner. Boorstin is inter-

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An American-history buff, Peter Andrews was formerly an editor at American Heritage *and the editor of* Americana. *He has contributed to* SR *and* Horizon.

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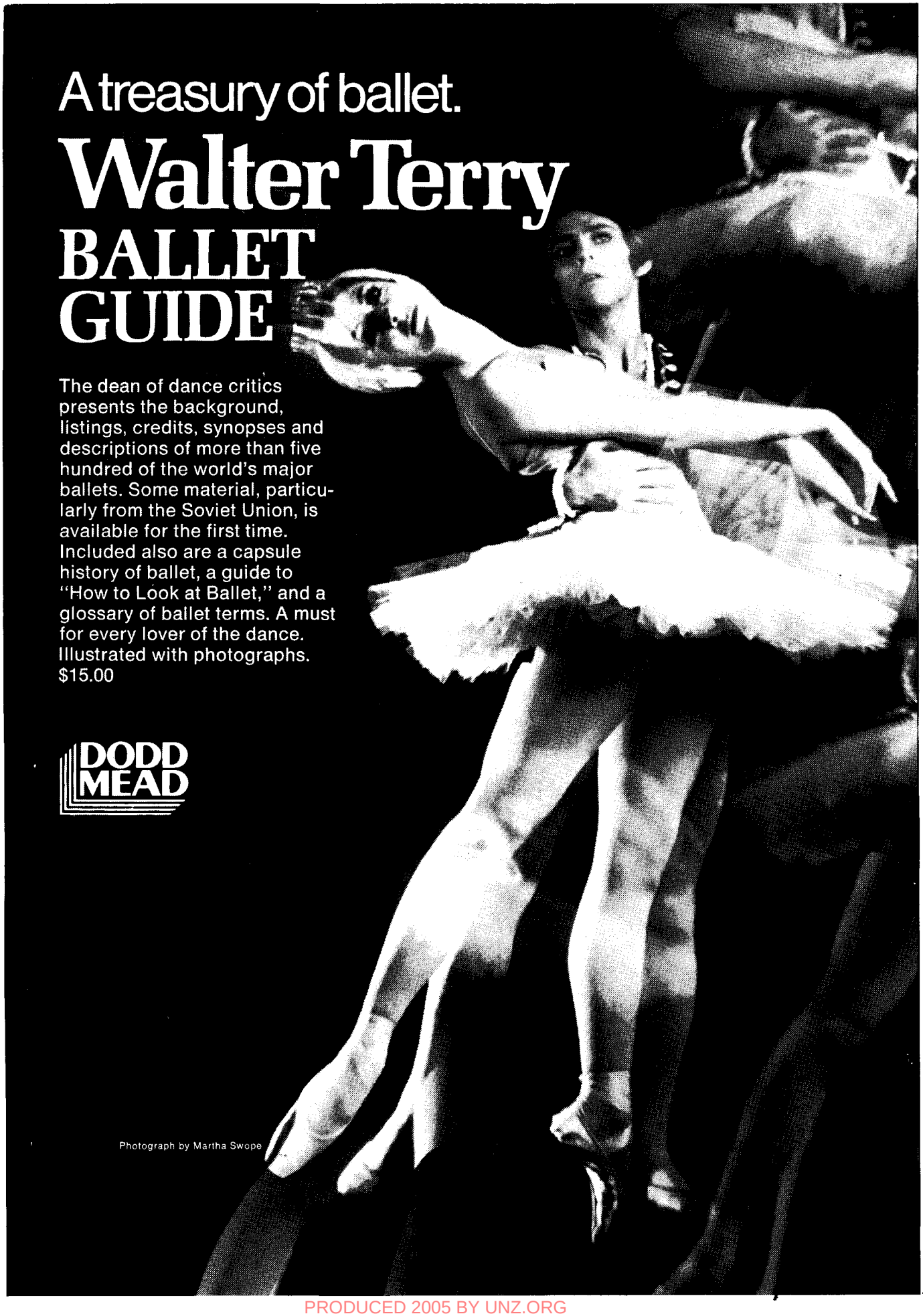
A treasury of ballet.
Walter Terry
BALLET
GUIDE
The dean of dance critics presents the background, listings, credits, synopses and descriptions of more than five hundred of the world's major ballets. Some material, particularly from the Soviet Union, is available for the first time. Included also are a capsule history of ballet, a guide to "How to Look at Ballet," and a glossary of ballet terms. A must for every lover of the dance. Illustrated with photographs. $15.00
DODD MEAD
Photograph by Martha Swope

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ested not so much in the great figures in America's military and political history as in the people who made countless tiny revolutions "so little noticed because they touched Americans everywhere and every day." "Their names," he says, "were not embalmed in the titles of treaties or epoch-making legislation. Their banner was the American Standard of Living." In 160 pages of duotone portraits and brief captions, we get an album of the people who, for better or worse, created the modern American society. All of the familiar faces, such as Thomas Edison and Cyrus McCormick, are there. In addition, we get to see Jesse Nichols, who invented the shopping center; Alexander Stewart, who built the first department store; Lewis Tappan, who thought up the idea of credit ratings; and Herman Hollerith, whom we have to thank for the punch card.

The captions are particularly fine. In fewer than 100 words, I got a fascinating history of the development of Sears, Roebuck from a mail-order watch-repair company to a multimillion-dollar corporation, and learned that Roebuck wound up an employee of his own company, working in the publicity department. Good caption writing is one of the neglected arts of publishing, and it is a delight to see that there are a few who still know how to do it.

THE publishing industry's equivalent of the Bicentennial stuffed pillow with "Hello to Mom from Mount Vernon" stitched across the top is Hans Holzer's *Spirits of '76* (Bobbs-Merrill, $7.95). Holzer is a harmless enough scrivener who has made quite a good thing out of merchandising the occult. No matter what you're looking for, whether it's Camelot or a cuff link, a long-lost brother or the Ghost of Christmas Past, Holzer and his little band of psychic soldiers will scratch it up for you. This time, he is off on a tour of the historic sites with a lady swami named Irene, who turns out to be a veritable truffle-hound when it comes to sniffing out psychic phenomena. My favorite was their visit to the Michie Tavern in Virginia, where Irene's great sensitivity could still detect the vibrations of either the strains of the first waltz danced in America or the aftereffects of an illicit affair between Thomas Jefferson and a local lady named Mrs. John Walker. Irene wasn't sure which. If this sort of thing is your dish of tea, I suppose you will shudder appropriately. If not, you'll just squirm.

A happier development in Bicentennial publishing has been the reissuing of standard works in new editions. Two of the most enjoyable are the *Life of George Washington*, by Washington Irving (Sleepy Hollow Restorations, $19.95), and *The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six*, edited by Henry Steele Commager and Richard B. Morris (Harper & Row, $25). Irving had looked on the completion of his massive five-volume biography of Washington in 1859 as the "crowning effort" of his literary career. The original work has been condensed into a single volume that captures Irving's original warmhearted and affectionate portrait of his greatest hero. *The Spirit of 'Seventy-Six* (originally published in 1958) is, quite simply, the best thing of its kind ever done. Commager and Morris have created a massive anthology of the letters, diaries, speeches, and writings of the men on both sides of the Revolution. Arranged chronologically, and with an excellent short preface to each section, *Spirit* tells the story of the Revolution according to the men who were there. ◉

Two in the End Zone

Sports in America
by James Michener
Random House, 466 pp., $12.50

The Joy of Sports
by Michael Novak
Basic Books, 357 pp., $10.95

Reviewed by George Plimpton

JAMES MICHENER and Michael Novak, the eminent author and distinguished social philosopher respectively, turn out to be men obsessed by sports—to a degree that puzzles even themselves. Michener admits that despite his better judgment he could never feel comfortable in the presence of Bennett Cerf, his publisher at Random House, because he knew Cerf to be a detested Yankee fan. Novak drives his wife to torment by creeping out to the garage with a plate of dinner to listen to a broadcast of a distant baseball game on the car radio. Two books have emerged from these passions —Michener's *Sports in America* and Novak's *The Joy of Sports.*

Their tours of self-education are quite different: Michener moves through the great subcontinent of American sport, his notebook at hand, with the assiduous care of a John Gunther. An enormous labor. The chapter headings suggest the range and the tone of his approach—"Sports and Upward Escalation," "Women in Sports," "Children in Sports," "Sports and Health," "Government Control," and so on. His interviewees range from horseplayers to retired athletes to directors of university athletic programs. The text abounds with charts, cartoons to rest the eye, graphs, statistics (one learns that a man mowing a lawn by power expends 250 calories an hour; by hand, 270)—the guiding criteria of all this being that sports should be fun, health-enhancing, and obligated to provide public entertainment. The health criterion is paramount, Michener's great antagonist being flab. He ends a chapter on horseplayers by mourning that such people derive very few health benefits from their pursuits ("They get little fresh air . . . they rarely move about").

Michael Novak's is a different sort of journey: an attempt to discover the root of his own passion and to learn what it is that makes the American, especially the male, behave with such lunatic susceptibility when it comes to sports. Novak's conclusion is that sports provide a sort of civil religion that is very high on the scale of human requirements. Spectators do not go to sports events, or watch them on television, simply to be entertained—they are driven to them by a natural impulse that is radically religious, "an impetus for freedom, a respect for ritual limits, a zest for symbolic meaning, and

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George Plimpton took his tour of self-education with the Detroit Lions, then wrote a book about the experience called Paper Lion. *He is editor in chief of* Paris Review.

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a longing for perfection." He sees sports as liturgies (though without dogmatic creed), so that going to a stadium is "half like going to a political rally, half like going to church."

He goes on. Sports are far more serious in the culture than even the dramatic arts—a contention that Novak illustrates by comparing the involvement of spirit while watching football on TV with the relaxed stupor induced by the average dramatic program. Michener does not think losing can be compared to death; Novak does. Sports, Novak suggests, are much closer to the primal mysteries of youth and aging, fortune and misfortune, perfection and decay, strategy and contingency—providing, at the least, a pagan sense of godliness. Great athletes become "priests." After they become superstars they do not quite belong to themselves. "Great passions are involved in them." Indeed, sports are rituals that concern the very survival of humanity on this planet.

THE crescendo of encomiums continues. Indeed, we are told that "participation in sports is a foretaste of the eschaton." (So *that's* what the hereafter is all about—a softball game on the fields of the Lord.)

As one who is also a passionate sports follower (and softball player), and who writes often on the subject of sports, I read all this with increasing excitement. I have always felt a twinge of weakness about being moved by what happens when adults compete at children's games.

What a pleasure to read Novak on football: "He who has not drunk deep of the virtues of football has missed one of the closest brushes with transcendence that humans are allowed."

Very heady and comforting stuff. Indeed, I was tempted to rush with the news to my father, who for as long as I can remember has studiously disdained the sports section of the newspaper as a "waste of time." He wonders when I am going to move on with my writing to more Serious Things. My goodness: Novak refers to those who have contempt for sports as a "danger to the human race . . . drones in the honeycomb" (though I think I can resist pressing this view on Father).

Alas, Novak turns out to have very little enthusiasm or admiration for the sportswriters of the day—with the exception of Roger Kahn, who writes regularly for *Esquire*. Novak complains that sportswriters either do not like their subject or feel that their function is to prick the bubble of illusion surrounding sport. This bothered me until I read that Novak himself has a predilection for the sort of exuberant sports journalism that was typical of the twenties and thirties—the "hot" sportswriting, overflowing with elation and headline prose, which today is found only in high school newspapers. He would (as they do) substitute colorful words for the mundane—"turf" for "field," "ripped" for "ran," "smash" for "hit" ("the noise of clashing shoulder-pads cries out for onomatopoeia")—accepting, or perhaps "cleaving himself to" would be more appropriate, the theory that a correlative exists between the spirit of an event and how it should be described. "Sportswriting, matching its subject, must . . . reflect enthusiasm."

Sportswriting of this sort, of course, is very much out of fashion (Novak blames it on the intimidation of television), but frankly I would hope it is out of *date* as well. To support his preference, Novak reprints the text of what he calls "the most influential sports story in our nation's history"—Grantland Rice's familiar text on the 1924 Notre Dame–Army game, which starts: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. . . ." However memorable, it is surprising how quaint and overwritten, rather like a hurried piece of pastoral Kipling, the story appears on rereading. Novak defends it mightily: how precise the words "blue-gray" are to anyone who has seen an Indiana autumnal sky (forgetting that the game was played in New York City's Polo Grounds). He answers Red Smith's perky query ("I wonder what angle Granny watched the game from if he could see them outlined against the blue-gray October sky") by suggesting that the answer is obvious: Rice indeed imagined himself down on the field, flat on his back, and then pulled his vision back ("like a camera on a Goodyear blimp") and looked once again.

An attachment to the unabashed exuberance of the twenties is very much the tone of Novak's book, and a proper reflection of its title. Present-day sportswriters are by no means the only people letting down the side by not caring enough. Novak feels a commingling of despair and anguish for Howard Cosell, for thinking of sports as an escape; for the University of Chicago, for giving up intercollegiate sports and suffering a "kind of stuffiness and arrogance" as a result; for the Ivy Leagues, for their false mockery of how much sports do in fact mean to them.

Not surprisingly, Novak ends his book with a chapter on "Reforms"—most of them calculated to widen the eye in astonishment. "More is not better" is his refrain: cut down the size of the NFL, shorten the season, knock off the Game of the Week; establish limits to broadcaster's logorrhea; reduce the degree of specialization in sports; set voluntary limits to the salaries of coaches and players.

All of this is controversial enough. But to disagree with Novak is not to suggest any lack of admiration for the quality of his views, or for the vigor with which he offers them. He has produced an enormously entertaining and thought-provoking volume—surprisingly so, since literary attempts to explain common pleasures invariably seem to go awry (Max Eastman's *Enjoyment of Humor*—"we must understand that all words beginning with *w* are funny . . .").

At the very least, with his lofty diagnosis of our passions, Novak has assuaged the guilty feelings of those who begin to fidget at the dinner table, heads nodding helplessly, the thread of the conversation lost to the knowledge that an NBA playoff game is just about to begin on television in the library. *The Joy of Sports* offers a brilliant analysis of what ails such people.

I once felt guilty going out to the ball park on a Tuesday afternoon. But the theory that play, not work, civilizes men and women is enervating to say the least. I can feel smug and sanctimonious settling into my seat, notepads left at home. In fact, this is the last review I'll ever write. Thanks to Mr. Novak, I've got my priorities all evened out. "Play is reality . . . work is diversion and escape." If I find Mr. Novak sitting next to me out at the ball park, I intend to remark to him as follows: "I much prefer your Ethic to the Protestant Work." I hope he'll think to invite me home to dinner. I wonder, should the need be apparent, if he'll let me borrow a pair of shoes. ◉

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Easy Reading, Woody to Wodehouse

by William Cole

I've never quite understood why we're supposed to read fluff in the summer. Do brains fry in the heat? But if "light reading" means something not physically difficult to carry, well, okay. I'll go along. Here's some reading that is easily carried—a personal choice of good things observed recently in bookstores, and things to come up during the summer. Most are trade books, some are mass-market. (You never know what you'll find at your local newsdealer; mine seems to have nothing but gothics, thrillers, crockpot cookbooks, and such tasty titles as *Hot, Used Thighs*—no, I didn't make that up—and *Jet Set Orgy*.)

Without Feathers, by Woody Allen (Warner Books, $1.95). Essays and plays by the finest humorist since Robert Benchley.

Robert Altman's Nashville (Bantam, $2.25). Script, photos, lyrics from the great movie.

American Review 24 (Bantam, $2.45). One of the best issues yet of Theodore Solotaroff's magazine/book of new writing. Long piece by Norman Mailer on Henry Miller, and a first-rate story of Bronx Irish-Americans by Charles Simmons.

Humboldt's Gift, by Saul Bellow (Avon, $1.95, September). The richest and best novel of 1975.

The Great Train Robbery, by Michael Crichton (Bantam, $1.95). A breezy thriller with a side dish of manners and mores of Victorian England.

Through Fields of Clover and *Mrs. Wallop*, by Peter DeVries (Popular Library, $1.50 and $1.25 respectively). A couple of swatches of yarn from our funniest novelist.

Ragtime, by E. L. Doctorow (Bantam, $2.25, August). Bantam paid almost two million bucks for this, and they're going to break their necks to get it back. You'll hear about it.

Leaving Cheyenne, by Larry McMurtry (Popular Library, $1.25). Two men and a woman in pre–World War II Texas. Funny and moving.

Eight of Nancy Mitford's books about upper-class English are coming out from Popular Library, two novels per volume at $1.95 each. Start with *The Pursuit of Love* and *Love in a Cold Climate*. Giggles with the aristocrats.

A Dance to the Music of Time, by Anthony Powell (Popular Library, 4 vols., $2.50 each). The first eight books (two to a volume) of Powell's twelve-book magnum opus will come out during the course of the summer. You can get yourself deeply involved in this longest novel of all time. Postwar England, a huge cast of characters.

Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, by Hunter S. Thompson (Popular Library, $1.75). Two really disgusting druggies (when they're not drunk) in dreadful Vegas. Outrageous, funny, revealing.

Leave It to Psmith, by P. G. Wodehouse, with an introduction by Wilfrid Sheed (Vintage, $1.95). I can't resist recommending this classic even though it was published last year. It has one of the great opening lines in all literature:

> At the open window of the great library of Blandings Castle, drooping like a wet sock, as was his habit when he had nothing to prop his spine against, the Earl of Emsworth, that amiable and boneheaded peer, stood gazing out over his domain.

Penguin books have always been foremost among quality paperbacks, and you can always find something you want to read among their displays. The good news is that you can, in the next few months, expect to see more and more Penguins in the bookstores. Penguin Books in England has recently purchased our Viking Press, and they have merged editorial and sales forces and are expanding the American paperback operations. I had a talk recently with Richard Seaver, the American publisher, editor, and translator who has been appointed editorial director of Penguin in New York. Plans are for 250 titles a year. They will be "trade" books, which are sold in bookstores, rather than "mass market" paperbacks, which you'll find on the newsstands and in air terminals and supermarkets. Penguins will come in all formats and prices: expensive art books, mysteries, popular novels, poetry—you name it. By their spines ye shall know them: classics, black; modern classics, gray; Pelicans (serious nonfiction), blue; crime, green; novels, orange; *und so weiter*. Eventually, Penguin will have a backlist of some 2,000 books in print, making it one of the real biggies—along with Anchor and Vintage. (Penguin England now has about 4,500 titles in print.) Right now Penguin prints about one-fifth of its books here, the rest in England, but eventually it'll split the job fifty-fifty.

One of the marvelous things about Penguin is that it tries to publish *all* of any important author's work, and to keep him in print—a boon indeed for the colleges. You'll find Balzac and Conrad and Dickens and Dostoyevsky, as well as multiple titles by Graham Greene, Kingsley Amis, Iris Murdoch, and Colette. Prices? You can get Shaw's *The Millionairess* for fifty cents, and Henry Russell Hitchcock's *Architecture: 19th and 20th Century* for $15. But your average Penguin will run between $1.95 and $3.95. ◉

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On the Citronella Circuit

Curtain's up in Fish Creek and East Haddam

by Henry Hewes

For many people, "summer theater" conjures up visions of star-led productions of standard musicals and light comedies. And there will certainly be plenty of these this year. Among them: *Fiddler on the Roof*, with Zero Mostel; *Mame*, with Angela Lansbury; *Shenandoah*, with John Raitt; *The King and I*, with Yul Brynner; *Zorba*, with Theo Bikel; *Funny Girl*, with Carol Lawrence; *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, with Arte Johnson; *Godspell*; *Jesus Christ, Superstar*; and *Gone with the Wind*.

Most of those are packaged shows that will play at several of the large musical tents and arenas around the country. However, there are still a few subsidized theaters—like the Pittsburgh Civic Light Opera—that prefer to produce their own musicals and retain control of performance quality. Then there are two pre-Broadway musicals touring around: *The Baker's Wife*, starring Topol, and with the last scenery designed by the late Jo Mielziner, and a black version of *Guys and Dolls*. A third new production scheduled to go on to Broadway is *The Robber Bridegroom*, at Los Angeles's Mark Taper Forum. Finally, at the Jones Beach Marine Amphitheater, Guy Lombardo will present a *Show Boat* featuring a replica of the Cotton Blossom chug-chug-chugging its way down the channel to the fore-stage dock.

For the more adventurous musical-theater aficionado, the charming Goodspeed Opera House, in East Haddam, Conn., will be offering an old Otto Harbach work, *Going Up* (June 22–August 8), and a new Charles Strouse musical based on the Little Orphan Annie comic strip (August 10–September 26). The John Drew Playhouse, at East Hampton, Long Island, will stage musical versions of Royall Tyler's *The Contrast* (July 2–18) and Anna Cora Mowatt's *Fashion* (July 20–August 1), and two new musicals, *The Cast Aways*, by Anthony Stimac, Don Pippin, and Steve Brown (August 3–15), and *The Myths of America Smith*, by Greg Antonacci and Ronnie B. Baker (August 17–29). And the Lenox Arts Center is promising five musical experiments—*Nightclub Cantata*, by Liz Swados (July 2–5, 8–10); *Ed Flower and His Group*, by Ed Flower (July 16–17); *Never Mind, No Matter*, by Kenneth Jansen (August 5–7); *The Club*, by Eve Merriam (July 22-25); and *In the Dark*, by Allen and Wallace Shawn (August 12–15, 19–21).

The established nonmusical summer-stock playhouses located in the more sophisticated parts of the country have recently discovered that while audiences still like light and funny stuff, they are also happy to accept a broad range of theatrical endeavor performed by first-rate actors who, though not big names, can act rings around some of the movie and TV personalities who tour in summer packages. A notable exception is Jean Stapleton, of "All in the Family," who owns the Totem Pole Playhouse, in Fayetteville, Pa. Ms. Stapleton was a highly respected actress long before she became Archie Bunker's TV wife, and will sharpen her old skills in *Hay Fever* (June 21–July 10) and in *The Late Christopher Bean* (July 12–24).

Although some of the old playhouses—like Denver's Elitch Gardens, Massachusetts's Cape Playhouse, and Maine's Ogunquit Playhouse—have reluctantly surrendered to the economically advantageous star-package system, others are stubbornly attempting compromise solutions. Connecticut's Westport Country Playhouse has become a nonprofit institution, and—while it occasionally accepts a package show—it tries to originate most of its productions. It usually manages to come up with a world premiere that goes on to Broadway. This year's new work will be Allen Swift's *Checking Out*, a comedy about the complications that ensue when a Jewish grandfather decides to retire (August 30–September 11). Similarly, the Berkshire Theater Festival, in Stockbridge, Mass., will mix revivals and a new comic fantasy by Ruth Gordon, called *Ho! Ho! Ho!* The amazing actress/playwright will herself play a stubborn New England cook transplanted to New York City (August 17–29).

One of the summer's most keenly anticipated productions will be Geraldine Page and Rip Torn in Jack Gelber's staging of *A Streetcar Named Desire* at the Academy Festival Theater, in Lake Forest, Ill. (June 8–27). This will be followed by Jason Robards in Eugene O'Neill's *Hughie* (July 13–August 1), *Misalliance* (August 3–22), and *Dirty Jokes*, Arthur Giron's new comedy about the Boy Scouts' Bicentennial jamboree (August 31–September 19).

At Massachusetts's Williamstown Theater Festival, a distinguished company promises to live up to its superior standards with revivals of *Three Sisters*, *Born Yesterday*, *Our Town*, *Heartbreak House*, *Orpheus Descending*, and *La Ronde*, plus the American premiere of Gorky's *Children of the Sun*. And Lucille Lortel's famous White Barn Theater, in Westport, Conn., will present three unusual new pieces: *Byron & Shelley—That Perfect Summer*, by Albert Corbin and Philip Hanson; *Esther*, by C. K. Mack; and *Life in Excellence*, by Anthony Calandra.

There are dozens of other worthy summer theaters—at places like Olney, Md., Sharon, Conn., and Fish Creek, Wis.—but their number is diminishing. Yet a new phenomenon, dinner theater, is thriving. These establishments serve dinner, clear the tables, and then present a show, all for $15 or so. Most of the fare is light, and the theaters do "internal packaging"—exchanging shows with one another. A majority are located in the South and Midwest, and carry such cozy names as Coachlight, The Lamplighter, and Beef'n'Boards.

What gives the most character to a drama critic's summer,

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Declaration of Dependence

by a Congress of Representative American Poets, Painters, and other Artists, July 4th, A.D. 1976

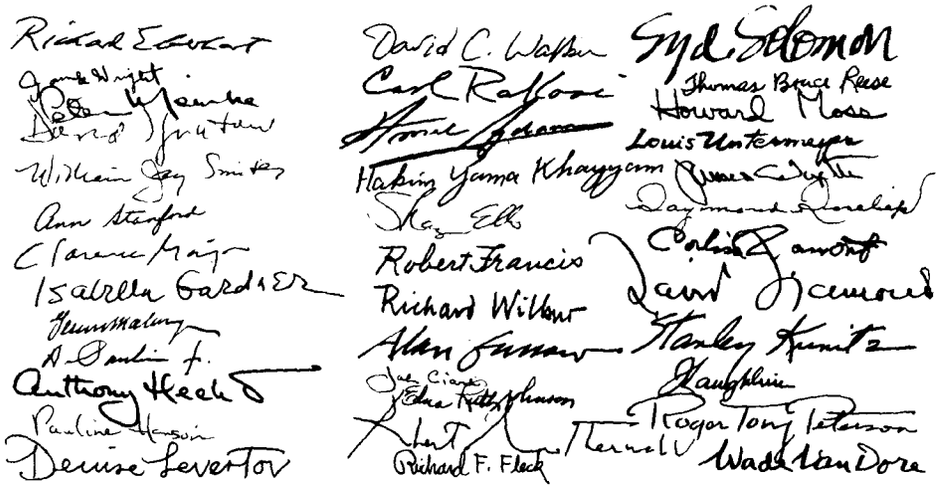
Whereas *the freedom that America achieved through the* **Declaration of Independence** *of 1776, along with the winning of the Revolutionary War, brought into being the greatest and most prosperous democracy the world has known, and,*

Whereas *now, in 1976, our position as a leading nation is in jeopardy largely because of failure to take into account the injuries that free enterprise inflicts upon nature, and because the world's ecology is in such a state of disarray that scientists warn civilization could be imperilled by the year 2000,*

Be it **resolved,** *that we, the undersigned American poets and artists ask for a corrective program of strict coordination with nature. In a vestiture of breathing trees and plants, moving clouds, running streams and pulsating oceans, nature is not an entity that man should master and destroy, but one he should embrace and live with in harmony. As if by invisible threads, every human life is connected with nature, thus the term, independence, is invalid and misleading. How providential that Mother Nature is democratic, that her lap is wide! Then, since for our welfare it is crucial that we initiate a deep reverence for nature,*

Let it be further **resolved,** *that for wisdom and solace we turn not to those who exploit nature, but to our poets, artists, and men and women, both dead and living who have loved nature for her own sake, such as Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Emily Dickinson, John Muir, John James Audubon, George Inness, Charles Ives, Edward McDowell, Robert Frost, and others.*

Let it finally be **resolved,** *that America be urged to adopt this* **Declaration of Dependence** *on nature so that, beginning in this historic year, it may become our salvation.*



Signatures in the order they were obtained:

Richard Eberhart, James Wright, Peter Meinke, David Ignatow, William Jay Smith, Ann Stanford, Clarence Major, Isabella Gardner, Gerard Malanga, A. Poulin, Jr., Anthony Hecht, Pauline Hanson, Denise Levertov, David C. Walker, Carl Rakosi, Ansel Adams, Hakim Yama Khayyam, Sherry Ellis, Robert Francis, Richard Wilbur, Alan Gussow, John Ciardi, Edna Ruth Johnson, Robert Motherwell, Richard F. Fleck, Syd Solomon, Thomas Bruce Reese, Howard Moss, Louis Untermeyer, James Wyeth, Raymond Roseleip, Corliss Lamont, David Diamond, Stanley Kunitz, James Laughlin, Roger Tory Peterson, Wade Van Dore.

All professional and amateur artists, in every category of art, are urged to forward their signatures to Wade Van Dore, 62 Somerset Street, Clearwater, Florida, 33515, in order that they may constitute a massive Declaration of Dependence petition to the government when incorporated into this document's supplementary pages. All signatories, and all readers sympathetic to this cause are requested to inform the public, in every possible way, of the existence and message of this Declaration.

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however, are the repertory companies. The Stratford Ontario Festival has assembled its finest ensemble ever, and its promised delights include: two actors alternating as Hamlet, Hume Cronyn as Shylock, Jessica Tandy as Eva in Larry Fineberg's new adaptation of *The Book of Eve*, Keith Baxter and Maggie Smith as Antony and Cleopatra, and Maggie Smith and Jeremy Brett as Millamant and Mirabell.

At Stratford, Conn., the marvelous British actress Eileen Atkins will give an American Orlando a hard time as Rosalind. At San Diego, Calif., one of America's best young actresses, Pamela Payton-Wright, will plumb the depths of all female fickleness as Cressida. In New York City's Central Park will be seen two of our best new performers—Paul Rudd as Henry V and Meryl Streep as Isabella.

For really dedicated theater fans, a summer pilgrimage to the Eugene O'Neill Memorial Theater Center, in Waterford, Conn., is a must. There visitors can watch open rehearsals and/or evening reading-performances of the twelve best new plays the O'Neill can find. Each year two or three of these works eventually turn up in professional New York productions, and, oddly enough, they are often better with their Waterford casts than with new actors and more rehearsal. And only a few miles away, at Connecticut College, the avant-garde Mabou Mines will unveil a work-in-progress, *The Shaggy Dog Animation* (July 18–19).

Visitors to the Kennedy Center attending a performance of *The Magnificent Yankee* (with James Whitmore as Oliver Wendell Holmes), which will be playing there most of the summer, are reminded that there is a performing-arts exhibit, "America on Stage," upstairs. Similarly, visitors to New York City should note that it is only a half-hour drive to the Hudson River Museum, in Yonkers, N.Y., where they can experience "Theatrical Evolution: 1776–1976," a superb and imaginative collection of American-theater memorabilia.

Finally, the Bicentennial has stimulated the producers of outdoor historical dramas (we are strictly forbidden to call them pageants) to add nine new shows to their list (printed below). These are professionally produced, and, indeed, this year's Academy Award winner, Louise Fletcher, began her career in one of these productions. Most remarkable in the new bunch may be *We the People,* by Paul Green. Mr. Green, who won a Pulitzer Prize for his drama *In Abraham's Bosom* in 1927, is now eighty-two—and so full of life and optimism that he may surpass Shaw's record of having written a play at the age of ninety-two. ◉

Repertory Companies

The Acting Company, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. (July 26–Aug. 22)
- *The Kitchen*
- *Love's Labours Lost*
- *The Way of the World*
- Two new one-act plays

American Shakespeare Festival, Stratford, Conn. (June 28–Sept. 6) (R)
- *The Crucible*
- *The Winter's Tale*
- *As You Like It* (from July 20)

Asolo State Theater, Sarasota, Fla. (June 1–Sept. 5) (R)
- *A Streetcar Named Desire*
- *Boy Meets Girl*
- *The Quibbletown Recruits* (P)
- *The Music Man* (from June 4) (M)
- *Look Homeward, Angel* (from July 2)
- *Win with Wheeler* (from July 30) (P)

Globe of the Great Southwest, Odessa, Tex. (June 18–Aug. 22) (R)
- *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
- *The Merry Wives of Windsor*
- *The Life of Christ*

Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival, Lakewood, Ohio (June 25–Sept. 26) (R)
- *The Tempest*
- *Dear Liar* (from July 1)
- *Ah, Wilderness!* (from July 8)
- *The Devil's Disciple* (from Aug. 5)
- *Romeo and Juliet* (from Aug. 12)

Guthrie Theater, Minneapolis, Minn. (June 14–Feb. 26) (R)
- *The Matchmaker*
- *Doctor Faustus*
- *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* (from June 28)
- *Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead* (from Aug. 16)
- *An Enemy of the People* (from Aug. 30)

Missouri Repertory Theater, Kansas City, Mo. (June 24–Sept. 19) (R)
- *The Drunkard*
- *Don Juan of Flatbush* (from July 1) (P)
- *The Great White Hope* (from July 8)
- *The Heiress* (from July 15)
- *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* (from July 29)
- *Once in a Lifetime* (from Aug. 5)

New York Shakespeare Festival, Central Park, N.Y.C. (June 24–Aug. 29)
- *Henry V*
- *Measure for Measure* (from July 29)

New Jersey Shakespeare Festival, Madison, N.J. (from June 29–Oct. 3)
- *The Tempest*
- *Henry V* (from July 6)
- *The Best Man* (from July 23)
- *The Devil's Disciple* (from Aug. 11)
- *Private Lives* (from Aug. 29)

Old Globe Theater, San Diego, Calif. (June 1–Sept. 12)
- *As You Like It*
- *Othello* (from June 8)
- *Troilus and Cressida* (from July 7)

(M) musical, (P) American premiere, (R) rotating repertory

Outdoor Historical Dramas

- *Beyond the Sundown*, Livingston, Tex. (June 18–Aug. 21)
- *The Common Glory*, Williamsburg, Va. (June 14–Aug. 31)
- *Cross and Sword*, St. Augustine, Fla. (June 25–Sept. 5)
- *Dust on Her Petticoats*, Tulsa, Okla. (July 4–Aug. 28) (P)
- *El Paso del Norte*, El Paso, Tex. (July 4–Aug. 22) (P)
- *Hatfields and McCoys* and *Honey in the Rock*, Beckley, W. Va. (June 19–Aug. 28) (R)
- *Hernando De Soto, Conquistador,* Hot Springs, Ark. (June 25–Aug. 28) (P)
- *Horn in the West*, Boone, N.C. (June 25–Aug. 21)
- *The Legend of Daniel Boone,* Harrodsburg, Ky. (June 16–Sept. 6)
- *The Lost Colony*, Manteo, N.C. (June 21–Aug. 28)
- *Louisiana Cavalier*, Natchitoches, La. (June 19–Sept. 26) (P)
- *The McIntosh Trail*, Peachtree City, Ga. (June 18–Sept. 4) (P)
- *The Shepherd of the Hills*, Branson, Mo. (May 1–Oct. 30)
- *The Stephen Foster Story*, Bardstown, Ky. (June 12–Sept. 5)
- *Strike at the Wind*, Pembroke, N.C. (July 1–Aug. 14) (P)
- *The Sword of Peace*, Snow Camp, N.C. (July 4–Aug. 29)
- *Tecumseh!*, Chillicothe, Ohio (June 21–Sept. 4)
- *Texas*, Canyon, Tex. (June 16–Aug. 21)
- *The Trail of Tears*, Tahlequah, Okla. (June 19–Aug. 21)
- *Trails West*, Walla Walla, Wash. (July 1–Sept. 10)
- *Trumpet in the Land*, Dover, Ohio (June 29–Sept. 5)
- *Unto These Hills*, Cherokee, N.C. (June 19–Aug. 28)
- *We the People*, Columbia, Md. (Aug. 6–Sept. 5) (P)
- *Wilderness Road*, Berea, Ky. (June 30–Sept. 5)

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Music: Al Fresco and Air-Cooled

by Irving Kolodin

MIDWAY between the first centennial and the nation's second, music was as seasonal a product for most Americans as apples, oranges, pears, or grapefruit. For the most part, then, such summer music as could be found was at an amusement park at the end of a trolley line, where the lucky ones could hear Sousa's band, or at a seaside resort with an auditorium that might offer a concert by Mischa Elman or John McCormack. New Yorkers considered themselves especially favored to have a Lewisohn Stadium, as their West Coast friends proudly possessed a Hollywood Bowl.

Today, as seasonal foods have become available year-round, so, too, has music—mostly by going out of the city into the country. Additionally, air conditioning has made halls in New York, Washington, Minneapolis, and Montreal as habitable in summer as in winter. What you can hear and where you can hear it is the theme of the attached listing.

And while en route, take with you a publication called *Musica*, which lists more than 700 radio stations from coast to coast. You may find the oasis you are searching for in crossing the Top-40 belt. Further information can be obtained from editor Ben Jacobs, Musica Publishing Co., Box 1266, Edison, N.J., 08817. Don't leave home without it.

Northeast

Connecticut

Music Mountain. Falls Village, in the Berkshire foothills, has long been a haunt of musicians and music lovers. Chamber music as it should be heard. Concerts begin in June, continue on weekends through August.

Maine

Blue Hill Festival. One of the earliest of American summer-music scenes, this series perpetuates the spirit and standards of Franz Kneisel, whose quartet pioneered chamber music in this country. July and August.

Massachusetts

Berkshire Music Festival (Lenox). Through a succession of directors that has included founding father Serge Koussevitzky, Charles Münch, Erich Leinsdorf, and now Seiji Ozawa, Tanglewood has attained an identity by which all other American summer symphonic centers are measured. Guest conductors include Leonard Bernstein, Colin Davis (Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis* on August 7), and Klaus Tennstedt, with Ozawa in charge of the first and last fortnights. Sundays at 2:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 8. July 9–August 29.

New Hampshire

Dartmouth College. Hanover rocks with rock, pops with pop, and hums with classical music through August 28.

New Jersey

Garden State Arts Center. Holmdel's location on the Garden State Parkway makes it an attractive evening out for New Yorkers—as well as Newarkers, and Jerseyites generally. A spacious, covered amphitheater houses the summer opera. Also symphony concerts, ballet. June 28–September 5.

New York

Caramoor Festival. Few American festivals close to big cities compare in attractiveness to the wooded grounds and spacious lawns of Caramoor, in Katonah. Fridays, Saturdays, and Sundays from June 19 to August 22, it offers concert appearances by the Tokyo and Guarneri quartets, the Bach Aria Group, guest conductor Brian Priestman, and such soloists as pianists Rudolf Firkusny and Alicia de Larrocha. Bus service from midtown Manhattan for major events.

Chautauqua Festival. The long tradition here includes talk as well as music. Opera in English is a house specialty, also training programs for young jazz musicians. June 26–August 29.

Lewiston Festival. If you live in Buffalo, you know where Lewiston is; if not, aim for Buffalo and you'll find the Lewiston State Artpark nearby. Among the fifty events scheduled are *1776*, the Joffrey Ballet, opera, concerts.

Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center. July 1 to July 17, a Russian Festival of Music and Dance; July 20, the National Ballet of Canada, with Rudolf Nureyev as guest; then, September 8, the long-awaited first American visit of the Paris Opéra.

Mostly Mozart Festival. Will be heard as usual, this summer in Alice Tully Hall. The nearly nightly concerts (through August 28) are predominantly Mozart, but also offer such groups as Tashi.

Newport Jazz in New York. The July 4 weekend annually brings one of the largest concentrations of jazz musicians to be found anywhere in the world. Moreover, they get along very well together in a series of concerts centering around Carnegie Hall.

New York Philharmonic in the Parks. An amazing spectacle as well as a musically stimulating experience, led by renowned conductors. Late July to mid-August.

Saratoga Festival. Since its establishment in 1966, the festival

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has divided its two-month season between two basic attractions: the New York City Ballet (July 14–31) and the Philadelphia Orchestra (August 4–21). Weekends include pop attractions.

Pennsylvania

Robin Hood Dell (Philadelphia). Like the Bowl, the Dell is a one-word summation of the best a big city can provide. The Friends of the Dell have made rain-outs a thing of the past by opening, as a Bicentennial gesture, a new covered construction seating 5,000. (All other areas are free of ticket charge.) Thus such conductors as Ormandy, Barenboim, Bernstein, Kostelanetz, and Rostropovich can count on performing, come what may.

Temple University. The Pittsburgh Symphony, a participant since the Temple Festival started, doubtless will continue far into the future. In addition to one fully staged opera, the schedule annually offers top-name performers across the classical board. June 25–August 15.

Rhode Island

Newport Festival. The stateliest homes on the Atlantic seaboard are the scene of this intimate annual event. Musical rarities, sung as well as played, are the fare. Last week in July.

Vermont

Marlboro Festival. Rudolf Serkin's Green Mountain boys have acquired, through many recordings, an international reputation for high-quality chamber-music performance. It sounds even better amid the fresh air and greenery of Marlboro itself. Weekends, July 3–August 8.

North Central

Illinois

Ravinia Festival. Where do you find James Levine, music director of the Met, as piano soloist in rags by Scott Joplin? In the shed of the Ravinia Festival, on Chicago's North Shore, where he also plays piano-cello sonatas of Beethoven with Lynn Harrell and conducts concerts with Alicia de Larrocha and Rudolf Firkusny. June 24–September 12.

Mississippi River Festival. Edwardsville could be part of Missouri save that it's on the wrong (east) side of the big river. It does, however, accommodate the St. Louis Symphony, and on July 10–11 Alexander Gibson conducts Haydn's *Creation* and the Verdi *Requiem*, with the touring Scottish National Orchestra Chorus. Other programming runs the gamut of pop, rock, symphonic, etc.

Michigan

Meadow Brook Festival. There is a lot more to Rochester, Mich., than its situation on the north flank of Detroit—scenic beauty, good places to eat, diversion for the non-concert-going hours. Aldo Ceccato directs the Detroit Symphony, Thursday and Saturday evenings. Friday is jazz night, and Sunday looks to the lighter repertory.

Minnesota

Minnesota Orchestra. The happy success of Minneapolis's new Orchestra Hall has added a new dimension to life where the Mississippi is barely wider than a backyard brook. On the way to a Mozart/Haydn festival on August 19–22, conductor Stanislaw Skrowaczewski will share the podium with Aaron Copland, Henry Mancini, Mitch Miller, Sarah Caldwell, etc.

Ohio

Blossom Music Center. A concert schedule by the resident Cleveland Orchestra, usually under the supervision of Lorin Maazel, in a good-looking outdoor site in Cuyahoga Falls. Also a wide-ranging program of rock, pop, jazz. Through the beginning of September.

Cincinnati Summer Opera. Good common sense caused Cincinnati to recondition its cherished Music Hall a few years ago. Here, in splendid air-conditioned comfort, audiences will this summer be enjoying such operas as Mozart's *Così* and Verdi's *Aida*, as well as *Show Boat* and *The Ballad of Baby Doe* (July 3–31).

Wisconsin

Peninsula Music Festival. Door County, north of Green Bay, is a delightful place to be in mid-August—not just for the local version of borscht (cherry soup) but for the breezes that sweep across it. Musically the festival carries on a tradition initiated by the late Thor Johnson. First three weeks of August.

Southeast

Maryland

Merriwether Post Pavilion. The philanthropist created a center at Columbia (between Baltimore and Washington) in which the Baltimore Symphony can serve the area's musical needs.

North Carolina

Brevard Music Festival. Brevard has two attractions that compel participation: the Great Smokies, and the music generated there. Come for the view, stay for the music—opera and operetta, through mid-August.

Virginia

Filene Center at Wolf Trap. Wherever you are on July 3, you can also be a part of the Bicentennial party at this beautiful new facility. Concert time is 10 P.M., with violinist Yehudi Menuhin and conductor Andre Kostelanetz as principal performers. They can be seen from 10:30 on the PBS-TV network. Every other summer night at Wolf Trap provides its share of pleasure, with Julius Rudel conducting the Mahler Eighth Symphony (July 22), the Istomin-Stern-Rose trio (July 24), and *La Traviata* with Beverly Sills (August 12). Seven performances of *Porgy and Bess* complete the season (August 24–28).

West

Arizona

Flagstaff Summer Festival. Arizona in summer may strike some as a place to be avoided, but it has more to offer than an untypical climate (high and dry with beautiful pine forests). It's an excellent approach to the south rim of the Grand Canyon—where, wonder of wonders, the festival plans a series of six "Rim" concerts of chamber music. Izler Solomon is among the conductors. June 13–August 7.

California

Cabrillo Music Festival (Aptos). Dennis Russell Davies, young conductor of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, is resident maestro. Aptos is down the coast from San Francisco—close enough for dinner out, concert, and return by midnight.

Carmel Bach Festival. The long-established (1937) festival bears out its reputation in a sequence of fourteen events revolving around J. S. Bach. Two performances of the B minor Mass under the leadership of festival director Sandor Salgo (July 25, 31), as well as Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, the Beethoven triple concerto, and Mozart's Horn Concerto No. 4. July 18–August 1.

Hollywood Bowl. Ernest Fleischmann, manager of the Los Angeles Philharmonic, is in charge of programming, and

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Zubin Mehta makes frequent appearances as conductor (such as at the July 6 offering of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony). Nightly programs (including pop, rock, etc.) through the second week of September.

Music at the Vineyards. All sorts of sensory organs are gratified by a visit to the Paul Masson Mountain Winery in Saratoga—the eye, the nose, the palate, and, of course, the ear. This nineteenth season's events in August include concerts on the 7th and 8th by the Purcell String Quartet, another pair on the 28th and 29th with a new work by Grant Beglarian. Concerts begin at 3:30.

Colorado

Aspen Festival. Both a centennial and a Bicentennial this year, Colorado having been admitted to the Union in 1876. Aspen School is father (and mother) to the Festival Concerts. Jorge Mester is resident conductor, and the faculty is a cross section of names that reads almost like a summer Juilliard. Fridays through Mondays, until August 22.

Central City Opera. The streets are lined with neither gold nor silver, but reminiscences are plentiful of a time when they might have been. A short, steep drive from Denver, and well worth the effort to sit in the old, acoustically excellent opera house. Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, born here in 1958, will be the attraction July 10–31.

New Mexico

Santa Fe Opera. Dazzling sunshine by day, a brightly lit stage at night under a canopy of clear sky and glittering stars, and a repertory that includes *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Mother of Us All*, and one of the earliest of operas still holding the stage, Francesco Cavalli's *L'Egisto*. July 7–August 28.

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival. Off-Sundays at the opera are filled, June 27–August 1, by chamber-music programs in the auditorium of the Museum of New Mexico. Go!

Texas

Round Top Festival. Much of the activity of this recent addition to the festival calendar is in June, but it climaxes in the period ending July 7. This marks its first year at Festival Hill, on Route 237 between Austin and Houston.

Washington

Pacific Northwest Festival. The Seattle Opera will again sponsor two complete performances of Wagner's *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. One sequence, in the original German, July 13–18; the other, in the much-acclaimed English translation of Andrew Porter, July 20–25.

Wyoming

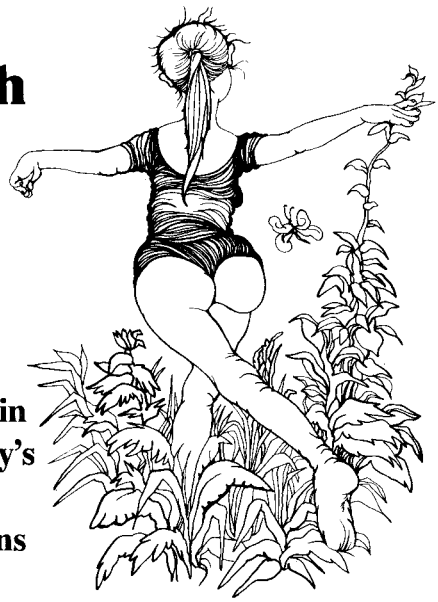
Grand Teton Music Festival. For all that it has been in being for five years, the festival at Teton Village is still a junior among American festivals. With or without music, the Grand Tetons are a wonderful place to be; add Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, etc., and it's all but irresistible. Mid-July to late August.

Canada

Montreal

Musique avec le XXIe Olympiade. Salle Wilfrid-Pelletier at the Place des Arts will house opera, ballet, and symphony concerts beginning with *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* by Opéra du Quebec (July 1, 3, 5), the Royal Winnipeg Ballet (July 7, 8, 9), and Le Ballet National du Canada (July 11, 13, 14). The concerts begin with a joint appearance of the Toronto Mendelssohn Chorus and the Montreal Symphony (July 15), followed by Blood, Sweat, and Tears, etc. (July 24). Dance events are also scheduled (July 2–23), and appearances by ensembles from other parts of Canada are booked at the Théâtre Maisonneuve through July. ◉

On Point in the Pea Patch



Hanya Holm's in Colorado, Ailey's at Wolf Trap, and the Russians are coming!

by Walter Terry

IN THE summer of 1776, the American balletomane was thoroughly frustrated. The Continental Congress had recommended the closing of all places of amusement because of the War of Independence. The persistent dance fan might possibly have found some dancing, disguised as a "lecture," in either Philadelphia or Charleston, S.C., but in the main, dancing feet were stilled. Two centuries later, in our Bicentennial Year, the dance-goer could find fine fare in all fifty states (plus the District of Columbia): from Anchorage, Alaska—where one could see the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater, on its way back from a tour of the Orient—to classical ballet in Birmingham, Ala.

The geographic range of summertime dance in America is matched by a multiplicity of dance styles catering to every taste—from those seeking light, lilting ballet in open-air theaters bathed in moonlight, to those in desperate need of the therapy provided by dance therapists at summer workshops and "outreach centers." At the Kennedy Center, in Washington, D.C., you will find, in August, a Russian Festival of Music and Dance staged by the celebrated Igor Moiseyev. If, however, you should be touring in Wyoming's glorious Grand Teton area, you might stop by the Jackson Lake Lodge any Friday in July or August and see Reginald and Gladys Laubin, foremost exponents of American Indian dancing, in a program called "Ancient Indian Dances." For twenty-two years, the Laubins have directed their moccasined feet from their tepee to the lodge to entertain—and instruct—tourists in the only truly American dance we have.

Summer dance events in the United States have usually been presented to the public as festivals, the two most famous of which are the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, at Lee, Mass., long headed by the late Ted Shawn, and the American Dance Festival, at New London, Conn. The oldest such center in America is the venerable Stephens/Perry-

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The Summer Arts

Mansfield School of Dance and Camp, at Steamboat Springs, Colo. Established sixty-three years ago, by Portia Mansfield and Charlotte Perry, it continues today under the direction of the distinguished dance educator Harriette Anne Gray.

Remote as Steamboat Springs may seem, it has attracted over the years not only those who wish to engage in folk dancing or thrill to dancing on horseback but also many great choreographers, who guide workshop performances and productions. They have included the late Doris Humphrey, Charles Weidman, and Helen Tamiris, plus the very alive Hanya Holm (the titanlike founders, along with Martha Graham, of America's unique modern dance), Agnes de Mille, and others. Miss Holm, incidentally, spends most of her summers at Colorado College, in nearby Colorado Springs, where she has taught, coached, directed, choreographed, and produced major new works for thirty-five years. When she escapes to the West, Miss Holm—revered on Broadway as the choreographer of such musicals as *Kiss Me, Kate!* and *My Fair Lady*—turns her creative skills to the Greek classics or grand opera or simple folk ballets.

Jacob's Pillow, now directed by the dancer-choreographer-educator Norman Walker, is known around the world. Under the Shawn direction it grew from an informal dance demonstration in 1933 attended by about fifty neighbors to a huge enterprise in a theater especially built for dance. Now, during a ten-week season, it could attract something like 50,000 fans. This summer's eight-week run (June 29–August 21) features eight soloists of the Royal Danish Ballet the opening week and continues with such soloists and groups as the Danscompany, the Maria Alba Spanish Dance Company, the Alwin Nikolais Dance Theater, Emily Frankel, Charles Moore: Dances and Drums of Africa, the Milwaukee Ballet Company, the Claude Kipnis Mime Theater.

The American Dance Festival, founded in 1948 as an extension (following the end of World War II) of the famous and innovative Bennington Dance Festival of the thirties at Vermont's Bennington College, has its headquarters at Connecticut College, in New London. It has always differed from its nearest rival, Jacob's Pillow, in that it is devoted almost exclusively to modern dance. The Pillow, both on the festival stage and in its associated schools, sails merrily into ballet, modern, ethnic, and mime.

Directed by Charles Reinhart and with Martha Myers as dean, the American Dance Festival attracts more than 400 students from about forty states and several foreign lands. Its "outreach" programs take dance events and instruction into neighboring communities, schools, hospitals, and parks. Its dancers are frequently involved with environmental dance experiments; thus you may come upon dancers taking over sports fields, bringing live shapes to sculpture courts, swinging through the town, or echoing the movements of nature on the shores of the nearby sea. Among the scheduled performances this summer are: Bill Evans Dance Company (June 28), Annabelle Gamson (June 29), Pauline Koner Co. (July 2, 3), Metropolitan Opera Ballet (July 9, 10), Kirk Nurok in Natural Sounds (July 14), Nikolais Dance Theater (July 16, 17), Bella Lewitzky Co. (July 23, 24), Bill Evans in a new program (July 29), San Francisco Dancers' Workshop, led by the avant-garde and experimental Ann Halprin (July 30, 31), a multiple-event Music and Dance Weekend, including the Murray Louis Dancers (August 6, 7). The Halprin workshops, based on the idea of "collective creativity," promise to explore the nature of dance as "a powerful vehicle for personal transformation" and "to guide participants in an exploration of their own personal body myths." Nudity is not unknown to Halprin creations.

A MUCH newer but already prestigious summer dance center is the Wolf Trap Farm Park for the Performing Arts, in Virginia. This summer's offerings, scattered through June, July, and August, include Maurice Béjart's Ballet of the Twentieth Century, the Alvin Ailey, Joffrey, and Eliot Feld companies, Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland, and, in a different dance vein, Ginger Rogers. The great old-time summer arts center Ravinia Park, outside of Chicago, has been fostering dance since early in this century. The City Center Joffrey Ballet and Bella Lewitzky's modern dance company are two of the stellar attractions this year.

The ten-week Artpark season at Lewiston, N.Y., this summer features in its dance wing the Alvin Ailey company (July 7–11), Les Ballets Trocadero de Monte Carlo (July 14–18), the Joffrey Ballet (August 10–15), and the Murray Louis Dance Company (August 18–22).

Finally, New York City, by general consensus (if not consent) the dance capital of the world, plays host to a dazzling selection of dance events this year. It was not always thus. Once, not long ago, Broadway died in May and came to life in September. This prevailed to such a degree that out-of-town festivals not only entertained vacationers but also gave summer jobs to unemployed stars and companies. Then about fifteen years ago the New York City Ballet, resident at that time at the old City Center, with some trepidation tried a June engagement. It worked, the curse was broken, and Manhattan extended its dance life year-round.

This summer the New York City Ballet, after its annual spring season ends in June, heads for Saratoga Springs to spend the month of July in one of the most beautiful outdoor theaters in the world, leaving New York to others. The city will have the American Ballet Theater first at the Metropolitan Opera House and then, in July and into August, at the New York State Theater; Moiseyev's Russian Festival opens at the Met June 28, followed by the National Ballet of Canada (with Rudolf Nureyev) opening July 20. Alvin Ailey will move into the New York State Theater (August 11–23) for a season that opens with a five-day Duke Ellington Celebration in dance. Mercer Ellington will accompany the Ellington Orchestra.

But not all dance will be at Lincoln Center. Alwin Nikolais, choreographer-composer-designer-librettist for his Dance Theater, will be bringing his avant-garde repertory of experiences in "movement, sound, shape, and color" to the great old ornate Beacon Theater, the movie palace on upper Broadway, for a two-week engagement in August. Free to the public will be the annual New York Dance Festival, held in the open-air Delacorte Theater in Central Park, opening early in September. The full roster of companies, ensembles, and soloists is not yet set, but their number will represent every possible style of dance, from rock to ballet classics, and will feature troupes from all areas of the country. ◉

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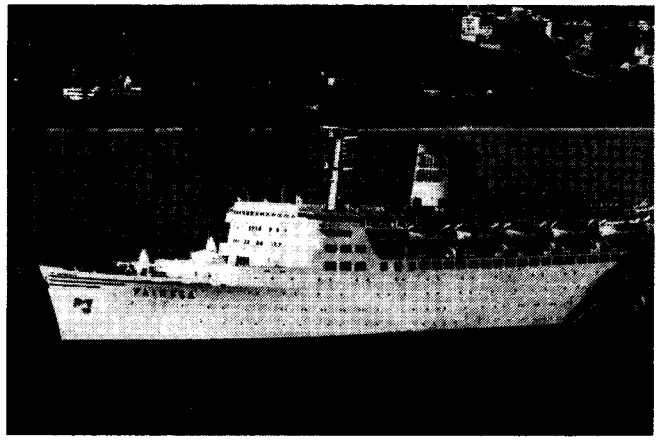

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Read the rules and start submitting your photographs now. Deadline for entries is September 10, 1976. Mail them to SR World Travel Photography Contest, 488 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

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Contest Rules

1. The contest is for amateur photographers only. Anyone is eligible except employees of Saturday Review and members of their families.
2. Pictures, which convey a feeling of travel, must have been taken after September 10, 1975, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.
3. Black-and-white photographs
   a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.
   b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.
   c. Developing and printing must be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No artwork or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.
   d. No negatives should be submitted.
   e. No black-and-white prints will be returned.
4. Color photographs
   a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency OR print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.
   b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.
   c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 unmounted.
   d. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.
   e. Transparencies and color prints will be returned only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 50 cents in stamps or coins. Do not send self-addressed envelopes.
5. Saturday Review reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted whether winners or not. While every effort will be made to ensure safe return of entries, for your own protection, please do not send us entries which have not been duplicated. Saturday Review assumes no obligation for return or loss of any photographs.
6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two entries (black-and-white and/or color) to this magazine's Travel Photography Contest. All entries must be postmarked no later than September 10, 1976, to be eligible for judging.
   IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES MAY BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.
7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality, originality in choice and treatment of subject, and the sense of travel they reflect. The decision of the judges will be final.
8. Before receiving a prize, the entrant must sign a statement that he is not, and has never been, a professional photographer, that the picture(s), or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to November 13, 1976. Saturday Review retains first publication rights on winning pictures and the right to use them for promotional purposes.

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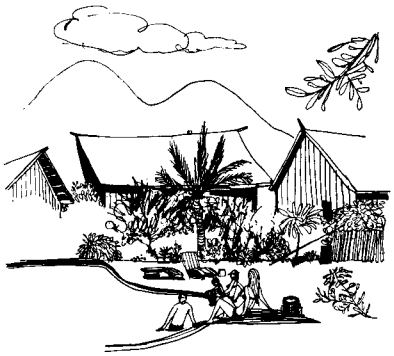

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World Progress Report

Spinning Wheels

New York City's long-suffering subway riders can't feel the difference, but since last February two cars in their troubled subterranean mass-transit system have been carrying more than the normal complement of wheels. In a test of a device that might save as much as 20 percent of the subway's energy consumption—and of its $100-million-a-year electric bill—the system's engineers have added heavy flywheels—like the spinning weights that stabilize gyroscopes—under the cars.

Coupled to the wheels on which the cars ride, the flywheels accelerate their rotation when the cars are slowing, spinning at up to 14,000 revolutions per minute and acting as supplementary brakes. When the cars are ready to move again, the flywheels' rotation is used to generate electricity for the motors that drive the wheels. The flywheel prototypes were developed with federal funding by the Garret Corporation of California.

Population Implosion?

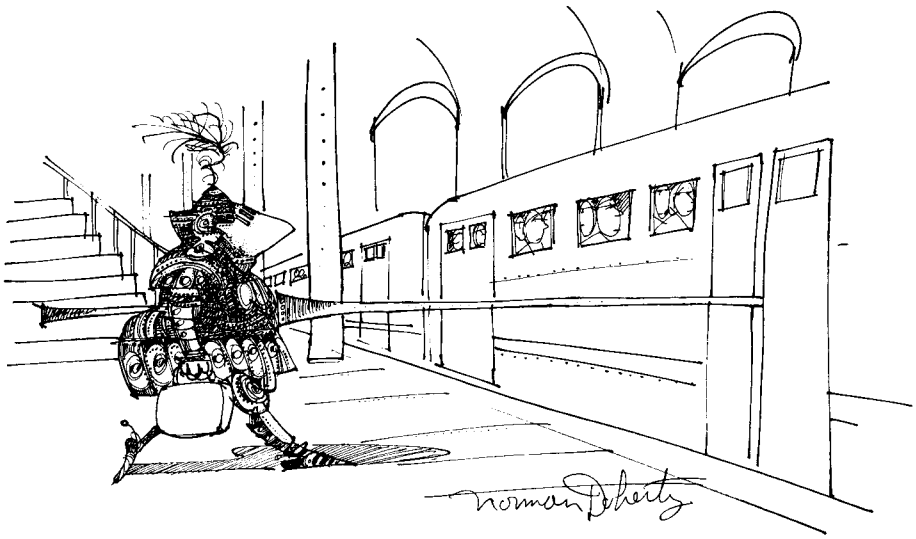
World birthrates fell faster than death rates last year for the first time in many years, according to the Population Reference Bureau, a nonprofit educational organization in Washington. The past decade, says the study sponsored by the federal Agency for International Development, was "the period of world awakening to the problems of rapid population increase and their effects for individuals and societies."

The bureau reports that the world birthrate—the number of births per 1,000 population—dropped from 34 in 1965 to 30 in 1974 and may drop as low as 20 in the next ten years. A reduction of this magnitude would bring the world's birthrate in 1984 close to that of the United States twenty years earlier, in 1965. Meanwhile, the present United States birthrate has dropped to 15 and continues to decline.

Despite the falling world birthrate, however, the study notes that the world's overall population-growth rate—the annual excess of births over deaths—is still an unhealthy 1.8 percent. At this rate it will take only another forty years or so for the world's population to double again from the 4-billion level it reached this year. "The declines in birthrates and natural increase levels taking place between 1965 and 1974," says the Population Reference Bureau, looking on the bright side, "indicate that the world is at least headed toward, rather than away from, a more slowly increasing population."

The turnaround toward slower population growth, according to the study, is due in large part to the spread of birth control and family-planning programs in the developing nations, which typically have the highest growth rates. Last year more than two-thirds of the world's people lived in countries with population-control programs of some kind, often supported by funds from governments and private sources in developed countries. Such support totaled more than $1 billion in the last decade, of which $732 million came from the United States.

The most "marked effect" of population programs, says the bureau's study, has



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been felt in three of the world's most populous nations: China, India, and Indonesia. A number of other countries, including Korea, Taiwan, Hong Kong, Cuba, Costa Rica, and Jamaica, have made significant progress, but the growth rate remains stationary in Latin America and the Near East and is rising slightly in Africa.

The Making of a Quagmire

People who believe that Mother Nature is the best engineer of all tend to vilify the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers as the arch-enemy, dedicated to replacing nature's earthworks with man's inferior inventions. In Louisiana recently the Corps has been demonstrating a new appreciation of the notion that it's not nice to fool Mother Nature. On 352 acres of the Mississippi River delta, the Corps has successfully established the largest man-made marsh in the United States.

In recent years the delta's wetlands have been eroding at an estimated rate of 16.5 square miles per year, robbing the region of a unique wildlife habitat, spawning and feeding grounds for many commercially valuable fauna, and a natural flood-control mechanism. Ironically, the levees built by the Corps are blamed for contributing to the loss by preventing the Mississippi's frequent floods from depositing silt to form new delta land.

To replace the river's natural contribution of upland soil, the Corps is using muck dredged from the river bottom to raise the banks to the level necessary for a marsh. The muck, a by-product of the Corps's regular channel-dredging operations, would otherwise be cast aside in ugly and destructive spoil banks along the river. Since the man-made marsh was established a year ago, natural vegetation has taken hold, providing a habitat for ducks, herons, egrets, and other birds, as well as small mammals. —ANTHONY WOLFF

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 100

K(enneth) Tynan:
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Television

Skimming the Surface of Political Spectacle

by Karl E. Meyer

IN WATCHING the presidential campaign on television, I sometimes get the paranoid feeling that it has all been cooked up by the networks. As spectacle, it has too much of everything—glamorous heroes, modest straight men, sustained suspense, constant surprises, and even the special pleasure of seeing the computers proved ignominiously in error—as happened in Wisconsin, when ABC and NBC blundered by forecasting a victory for Morris Udall. Small wonder that CBS uses the signature line "Campaign '76," like the title of a Broadway musical, for its coverage—and how apt that the Democrats will soon be meeting in New York, our media capital.

What, then, is missing? Certainly the networks cannot be faulted for lack of enterprise on the campaign trail. Everywhere the candidates go, the boys on the bus are right behind, their microphones and camera crews ready. By now, we all know Jimmy Carter's smile and the Marlboro Man slouch of Ronald Reagan. The analysis of the primary voting can hardly be criticized in terms of quantity—every precinct return is being examined by soothsayers with the intensity of a haruspex studying the entrails of a goose.

But the trouble is that all the attention has been essentially on the *means* of politics, as distinct from the *ends*. We get a surfeit of day-to-day coverage, and some good interviews with the candidates, but what is missing is a more detailed, independent analysis of the substantive issues around which the election turns. Consider the case of the Panama Canal, which Mr. Reagan has turned into a surprise issue. The networks have faithfully reported his assertion that giving away the Big Ditch would be like giving away Alaska, and they have likewise carried rebuttals by President Ford. But how many Americans are aware of the complicated history of Panama, which became a republic following a revolution organized largely by a French lobbyist working out of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel? Who recalls the bitterness in Latin America arising from Theodore Roosevelt's boast, "I took Panama"? These are questions that cannot be adequately examined in a short news item—they require a full-scale documentary.

"The Lord works in mysterious ways—they're all rare Lincoln pennies!"

Admittedly, the Panama Canal is a special matter, but it is directly related to the larger debate on American military strength. Is it true, as Mr. Reagan maintains, that we are no longer "Number One"? What about détente, the SALT talks, Soviet advances in Africa, and the Russian navy? The networks have given us a minimum of documentaries on these matters; without the superb "60 Minutes," on CBS, which does get into substantive issues in a serious way, the record of prime-time commitment would be abysmal.

By chance, a controversial BBC documentary entitled "The Rise of the Red Navy" illustrates the need for such programming. Until I saw it, I had little idea what the debate was all about; after watching this sober and disturbing report, I was anxious to learn a great deal more.

"The Rise of the Red Navy" is being shown around the country on individual stations, with the first broadcast on June 23 on station WTOP, in Washington, D.C. Time-Life Films is syndicating it to local stations as part of an experiment in distributing quality documentaries of the kind the networks have been unwilling to buy, or to produce themselves.

In effect, this BBC study supports the Reagan position, building a case with low-key interviews and some striking footage of the Soviet fleet. Prepared by Ludovic Kennedy, a highly respected BBC broadcaster, the program accepts the axiom that

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naval power is a vital element of national strength. It shows how the Russian decision to become a world naval power dates from Mr. Khrushchev's humiliation during the 1962 Cuban missile crisis, when American mastery of the sea proved crucial. It draws attention to the extraordinary influence of a Soviet admiral, Sergei Gorshkov, who since 1956 has been commander in chief of the Soviet navy. It illuminates the ways that that fleet has been used for propaganda in the Third World and as a shield for an increasingly aggressive fishing industry. It suggests that the Soviet naval potential could be decisive in swinging the balance to the pro-Russian side in a civil war in a Third World country.

Not for a minute do I accept any of this uncritically. But I was impressed with the case that the program developed, and I would like to hear the counterarguments as fully presented. The BBC program asserts that the Soviet navy has three times the number of ships of the American navy, though it concedes that the United States has twice the displacement tonnage of the rival fleet. I'd like to know more about those numbers, because there are some desperately important issues at stake.

Surely it is odd, during this Bicentennial Year, that we have to rely on a British import for a hardheaded appraisal of our naval strength. After the conventions, when the campaign begins in earnest, the political coverage on television should rightly be judged on the seriousness with which it treats such issues, even at the cost of some losses in ratings. It is worth recalling that in 1972 only CBS took the trouble to examine Watergate in detail, in a multipart report on the Walter Cronkite program. One hopes, perhaps vainly, that the overall record will be better this year. ◉

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 61

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. *Answer on page 61.*

LU RPKZ MAZCW OC-WCRWAPXBZ LR DPW CDDPIDOZT ZFZAH KPADLDM, SZ UZZE C OZAWCLD FPLT. "DPWB-LDM LD WBZ XCXZA WPTCH," SZ RLMB.

—XCIE FCEZAH

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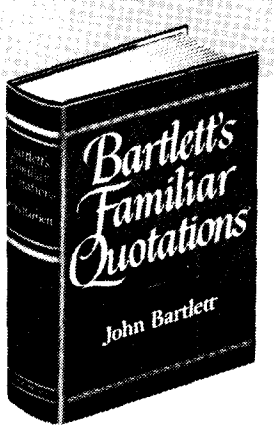

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Top of My Head

A Million Dollars for Your Thoughts

by Goodman Ace

WHEN I got my first job as a writer on the *Kansas City Post*, the managing editor handed me a small card on which was printed the guideline to what is news: DOG BITES MAN IS NOT NEWS. MAN BITES DOG IS NEWS. To this day it remains a rule of the press.

It's the importance of the activist, rather than of the passivist, that makes news, which I always believed was discriminating against dogs, who in this society of preserving the "ethnic purity" of our sidewalks and fire hydrants are considered second-class citizens.

When a dog bites a man, the dog is actively going about his normal business, which is biting man. That is not newsworthy. But if a man actively bites a dog, and the dog sits there passively letting the man bite him, that is front-page news.

I might add that in my twelve years on the paper I never came across a man biting a dog. Not that I wasn't on the alert for such a scoop, but if there was a man in Kansas City who bit dogs, he was a closet dog-biter. Too bad. It was a page-one story I could have sunk my teeth into.

As years went by I discovered that that journalistic rule is flawed. For example, if an activist dog bites a passivist President, that becomes stop-the-presses-tear-out-the-front-page all the way. But all this is simply prologue to the Barbara Walters story.

When Barbara put her Jane Hancock on a contract and actively took a $5-million bite out of the passive ABC network to read the news, she herself became the front-page news of the day. It started anchormen everywhere to wondering if this would be a good time to renegotiate their contracts. Because, surely, Barbara's deal was not for women only.

A million dollars a year for five years! That's four times what the President gets. And he has only a four-year contract. The President only makes the news. Barbara makes the money. And she doesn't have to keep bumping her head when she steps out of a helicopter door—a disturbing and recurring front-page event that has set Congress to considering a bill that would make it illegal to elect a President who is over five feet eight.

If you're thinking that Barbara gave up a $500,000-a-year job at NBC to take a $1-million-a-year job just to become the Happy Rockefeller of newscasters, you err. Barbara was much more highly motivated. "It's a breakthrough," she said.

Although she didn't explain exactly for whom she broke through, I refuse to assume she was speaking only for the empathetic National Organization of Women, any more than I can assume that Philadelphia's Poor Richard Club is an organization for sympathetic admirers of Nixon only.

As was expected, there were several detractors of Barbara's $5-million deal. Among them was the most unfriendly Fred W. Friendly, television consultant for the Ford Foundation. He is quoted as saying: "People are not interested in getting news from people making a million dollars a year. I don't think people will accept news from millionaires."

This was a gratuitous put-down; it's also untrue. Among my friends is one millionaire from whom I get all the news—like what the weather was like in Hawaii, South America, Miami Beach, and other exotic places to which he traveled to bask in the sun and always returned as black as the ten of diamonds. He also gave me the name of his tailor, who could make a suit for me like the one he was wearing for $650 (all the news that even one of my favorite newscasters, Walter Cronkite, never tells. Gesundheit to Cronkite!).

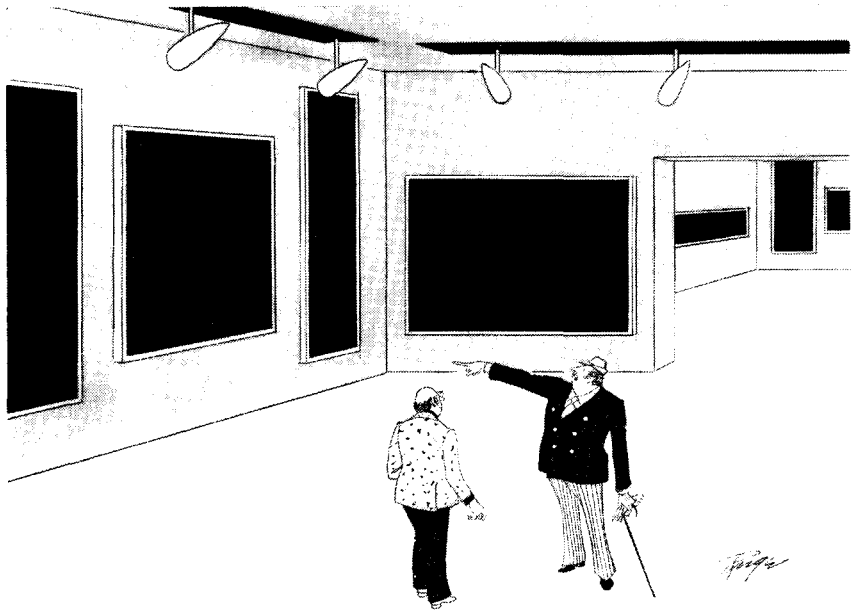
There were many other snide quotes about the Barbara Walters deal. But Barbara rose above the din and, serenely and patiently, and with dignity, admirably explained to all interviewers how she got into this horrible mess of having to take a million-dollar-a-year job broadcasting the news.

These days, the news does not make for one of your lighthearted, fun-filled TV programs. The news is so nervous-making that after a half hour of writhing in your chair you reach for your Alka-Seltzer or your Anacin or your Valium or your Preparation H.

No matter which newscaster you listen to or which newspaper you read, the news is frightening. I recall a time some years ago when all New York City newspapers were struck by the unions. The only paper available for New Yorkers was one printed in New Jersey and delivered to the newsstands in Manhattan. That was the *Christian Science Monitor.*

The news was just as bad as it had been in the local papers, only reading it in the *Christian Science Monitor* made you *think* it was better.

So with the charismatic and bionic Barbara Walters plus the talented and witty Harry Reasoner—who knows? ◉



"I'll take that one."

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Artsletter

A CASE FOR POIROT

Great was the amazement when Agatha Christie's will was read in London several weeks ago and it was discovered that her personal estate totaled a mere £106,683 (less than $200,000 at the current rate of exchange). For the best-selling mystery writer of all time, who reputedly earned more than $22 million from her eighty-five books and seventeen plays, it seemed a piddling sum. One book alone—the recently published "Curtain," in which detective Hercule Poirot meets his end—is said to have earned more than $1 million in royalties and reprint rights. One film alone—"Murder on the Orient Express"—has already taken in something like $80 million at the box office. And these are only two of the most lucrative Christie "properties." Altogether, it's estimated that about 7 million Agatha Christie books are sold worldwide each year.

So where has all the money gone? Apparently it lies buried within a complex honeycomb of holding companies and family trusts, set up over the last twenty years to shield the Christie profits from Britain's tax collectors. Now someone has to sort out who owns what. The task requires the talents of an inspired investigator like Hercule Poirot, and unfortunately he's no longer available. Dame Agatha saw to that.

DEFINITIVE HAYDN

Shortly after the war a young Bostonian named H. C. Robbins Landon settled in Vienna and began devoting his life to the rediscovery of Haydn. He put together the definitive performing edition of Haydn's 107 symphonies (which served as the basis for the complete recording under Antal Dorati's direction). He supervised the publication of much Haydn chamber music, some of it unheard since the eighteenth century. And he brought to the stage a number of long-forgotten operas that Haydn had composed for Count Esterházy's court theater (these, too, are now being recorded under Dorati's direction—the first to appear, "La Fedeltà premiata," having just come out on the Philips label).

During all this time, Landon and his wife, Else Radant-Landon, have been gathering material for a comprehensive Haydn biography—some 6,000 pages, on microfilm, of diaries, letters, newspapers, and other contemporary documents. Much of it derives from the Esterházy Archives, in Hungary; other material comes from Czechoslovakia (where H.C.R.L. discovered twelve lost Haydn works), Rumania, Russia (as yet unpublished Haydn letters), the United States, and of course Austria and England.

The fruit of all this research is about to be published jointly by Thames and Hudson in Britain and the University of Indiana Press here in five large volumes entitled "Haydn: Chronicle and Works." The first part to appear, this fall, will be vol. 3—"Haydn in England, 1791–95." Then, in order of appearance, come vol. 4—"The Years of 'The Creation,' 1795–1800" (spring, 1977); vol. 5—"The Late Years, 1800–1809" (fall, 1977); vol. 2—"Haydn at Esterháza Castle, 1766–90" (spring, 1978); and vol. 1—"The Early Years, 1732–65" (fall, 1978). Both the life and the works of Haydn come under Landon's scrutiny, as well as the eighteenth-century social-political background and the younger composers (Mozart, Beethoven, et al.) with whom Haydn came in contact.

UNTEARFUL CLOSING

The checkered history of "old" Avery Fisher Hall—the New York Philharmonic's headquarters at Lincoln Center—ended at 10:42 p.m. on May 15 with the final resounding cadence of Mahler's Symphony No. 7. We were there at the end, just as we had been present at the beginning, fourteen years earlier, for preopening "tuning" day. The last night was not a tearful occasion. Music director Pierre Boulez took his bows after the performance wearing a wrecker's hard hat and seeming to indicate by his gestures that it was a good thing the walls would soon come tumbling down.

Despite several attempts at ameliorating its original design, the hall had been plagued with mediocre acoustics ever since it opened in 1962. Now the interior is being totally gutted and rebuilt. When "new" Avery Fisher Hall reopens, it will look—and, we hope, sound—entirely different. The unveiling has been set for October 19, again to the music of Mahler—this time Symphony No. 3. Before then, however, the Philharmonic will have engaged in an unprecedented Mahler marathon: all the symphonies in a series of nine concerts, beginning September 26 at Carnegie Hall, the orchestra's former home. It was here that Mahler himself conducted back in the early years of the century.

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BERLIN–NEW YORK AXIS

Regular cultural exchanges are to take place between the cities of West Berlin and New York. The program gets off to a start this September in Berlin with the opening of a large exhibition designed to give Berliners a taste of the cultural scene in Manhattan's SoHo district. About forty SoHo artists will be invited to spend several weeks in Berlin while their work is on view at the Akademie der Künste. A typical SoHo loft gallery will be re-created within the academy, and pictorial presentations will show SoHo as it looks today and as it did before the artists moved in. All this forms part of Berlin's annual Festival Weeks, which will also feature appearances by the New York–based Alvin Ailey, Twyla Tharp, Trisha Brown, and Harlem Dance Theater companies.

The cultural current changes course next March and April, when New Yorkers will get a sampling of the arts in Berlin. Final arrangements are still being worked out, but the preliminary plans call for performances by the Schiller Theater; a screen version of Gorky's "Summerfolk," directed by Peter Stein; concerts by Berlin-based musicians; visits and exhibits by Berlin artists; and photos of the Berlin urban environment.

The impetus, as well as much of the financing, for all this comes from West Berlin. Why? Peter Nestler, the city's director of cultural affairs, explains that it stems from the four-power agreement of 1972, which removed Berlin from the frontier of the Cold War. "Along with an easier life for the people of West Berlin," he says, "has come a certain loss of identity, the identity of being a frontier city. Rather than give in to certain island syndromes, we must develop our cultural viability in a lively exchange with other communities, most particularly New York."

RUBENSJAAR

The quadricentennial machinery is revving up for Peter Paul Rubens, born June 28, 1577. Much of next year's commemorative activity will center on Antwerp, where the painter lived and worked—and where his home and studio can still be visited. Antwerp's Royal Museum of Fine Arts is putting on a big show next summer of Rubens paintings drawn from collections throughout the world, and elsewhere in town exhibits and concerts will focus on the protean Peter Paul in relation to the architecture, music, graphics, and fashion of his time. In addition, the Rubens Year will be observed with special shows at Vienna's Albertina, London's British Museum, Cologne's Wallraf-Richartz Museum, and the Grand Palais, in Paris. No word yet on the quadricentennial plans of American museums.

VAUNTING IT IN VADUZ

Anyone who has visited the tiny principality of Liechtenstein, nestled equivocally in a valley between Switzerland and Austria, will know that there's not much to do except send exotically stamped picture postcards from the post office in Vaduz, its chief town. But up on the mountain overlooking Vaduz (and off limits to tourists) is a tantalizing sight: the castle of Liechtenstein's Prince Franz Joseph, which holds what is said to be the largest private collection of art in Europe. A glimpse of its riches came to light in 1967, when the prince quietly sold his Leonardo "Ginevra de' Benci" to the National Gallery, in Washington, for $5 million. Soon more of his collection will go on public view. A small museum is going up in Vaduz. "Of course, the collection can't all be shown," says the prince's wife. "There are tapestries, silver, china, and furniture stored in Vienna in one of the Liechtenstein palaces. But the paintings will be shown, in rotation, at the Vaduz gallery."

ARTS BRIEFS

Norman Lear—producer of "All in the Family," "Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman," and other successful TV comedy shows (see "On Knowing Mr. Lear," SR, May 29)—is going noncommercial. He is now working on a series for public television that will draw on literary sources to create a "Portrait of America" as seen through the eyes of its writers. A committee of scholars is helping in the selection of materials. . . . The new museum going up in Paris—familiarly known as the "Beaubourg," officially as the Georges Pompidou Center of Art and Culture—is supposed to open late this year. Don't hold your breath. Parisians in the know say it will be next spring before the place is really in full swing. . . . Robert Penn Warren has won the 1976 Copernicus Award ($10,000) in recognition of his lifetime achievement as a poet. Previously he has won two Pulitzer Prizes (fiction and poetry), the Bollingen Prize, and the National Medal for Literature. Can the Nobel be far behind? —ROLAND GELATT

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Manner of Speaking

Excelsior! In and Out of the Snowbanks

by John Ciardi

The shades of night were falling fast
As through an Alpine village passed
A youth who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with the strange device,
Excelsior!

LONGFELLOW'S use here of "device" is from heraldry, in which it signifies a motto or an emblem on a shield. The motto of his upward-mobile youth is the comparative form of Latin *excelsus*—"high"—*excelsior* signifying "higher" and, in context, "still higher" or "to the heights." If only to prove that mottoes need not be seriously taken, "Excelsior" happens to be the motto on the great shield of the State of New York.

Longfellow's youth-ascendant, on the other hand, was out for a hard-line summit conference with ultimate reality. He was not happy about what he had to do. It was a lousy night for carrying the colors in review. "His brow was sad," Longfellow tells us. The youth looks longingly at the warm glow of "happy homes," then up at "spectral glaciers"—they somehow glow through the shades of night—"And from his lips escaped a groan." The groan (*nota bene*) is "Excelsior!"

A peasant warns the youth against avalanches. An old man warns him that a storm is coming up. There is even a local maiden (so to speak) who offers country hospitality:

"Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."

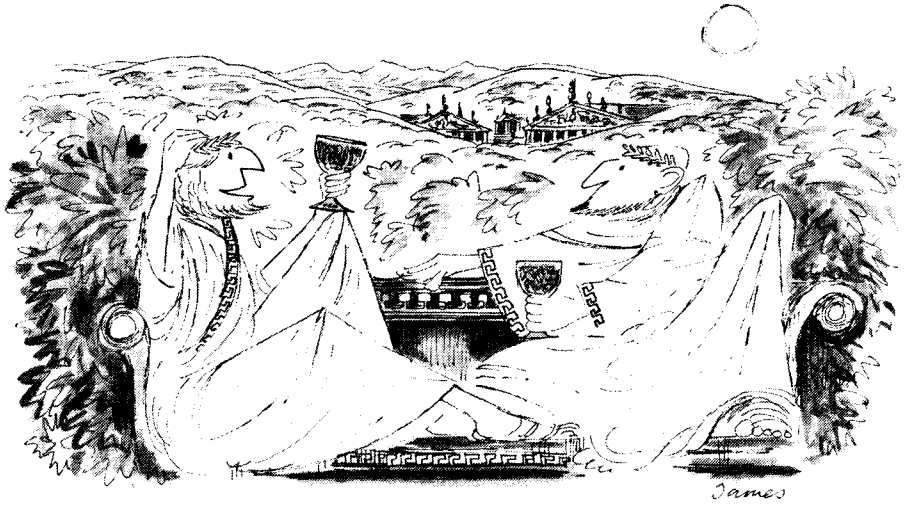
But the youth is determined to go to other dogs, specifically to the Saint Bernard that finds him toward the end of the next day.

There in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless but beautiful, he lay.
And from the sky serene and far
A voice fell like a falling star,
Excelsior!

I confess that boy doesn't look beautiful to me. If anything, he looks a bit silly—about as silly as a falling star yelling "Higher! Still higher!"—though, I suppose, that could be one of the tricks of idiom, as in "hurry up down!"

I still prefer the version by the (to me) unknown parodist (information about him welcome):

The shades of night were falling fast
And the snow was falling faster



"It's a good hemlock, but not a great hemlock."

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When through an Alpine village passed
An Alpine village pastor.

In any case, it all ends up as a wad in a snowbank, and it is just at that point that Longfellow may best have proved his powers of poetic prophecy by foreseeing the use of "excelsior" for curled wood shavings used as packing material and, at point of origin, as mattress stuffing.

Most American dictionaries refer to this word as a "trade name" but do not identify the company. Many companies have, of course, left their names in the language. One of my favorites is the now-defunct Gandy Manufacturing Company, of Chicago. It produced most of the tools used in building the transcontinental railroad and so gave rise to "gandy dancers" as the term for railroad-construction workers, whose energies have passed into balladry in

We danced on the ceiling
And we danced on the wall
At the Gandy Dancers' Ball.

(Which is all I remember of that one.)

It is the *Oxford English Dictionary* that moves me to think Longfellow was language-prophetic. "Excelsior" was written in 1841. The *OED*'s first reference to the word is dated 1868 (italics mine): "Specif. U.S. Patent No. 75728. A machine for manufacturing that article of commerce technically called 'excelsior' *for filling mattresses.*"

The *OED* also cites a reference in *The Furniture Gazette* (June 24, 1876) to "the Excelsior spring mattress." There must, I conclude, have been an Excelsior Mattress Company, and why shouldn't one of *SR*'s readers be a grandchild or great-grandchild of the owner and be able to supply information about it?

I need the information for a girl named Marion who was nicknamed Elsi (from Exc-*elsi*-or) because she affected a sort of teased blond Afro meant to suggest a mass of frilly ringlets, though it came out looking like mattress stuffing, and she like a hastily scalped teddy bear. A wistful girl, Elsi spends her winters in Alpine villages, offering her hospitality to passing youths who always seem to prefer snowbanks.

PERSONAL. To J.T., East Sixty-fifth Street: Thanks a lot. The next time you need a friend in Manhattan, go Chase yourself.

FOR MUHAMMAD ALI: You are the greatest in every way/That ever began as common Clay. ◉

Light Refractions

Rhubarb in the Catbird Seat

by Thomas H. Middleton

BACK in the March 6 issue of *SR*, I mentioned Red Barber and some of the colorful expressions he'd introduced during his broadcasts of the Brooklyn Dodgers' baseball games. I said, "Barber . . . spiced his chatter with effervescent 'down-home' expressions. It was he who told us, when the Dodgers had a five-run lead and Bobo Newsome had two outs, two strikes, and no balls on the opposing team, that 'Bobo's sittin' in the catbird seat.' . . . An argument was a 'rhubarb.' All these phrases have become . . . a part of the language. As far as I know, Barber brought them along from his Southern hometown and introduced them to an audience of delighted sports fans."

After that column appeared, I got a letter from a gentleman named David Henken, of Fiorello H. La Guardia Community College, telling me that it wasn't Red Barber who introduced "sitting in the catbird seat" to us. "True," he said, "Red Barber did use that expression, but only after it was first invented and/or used by the late James Thurber, who, within his story, ascribed it to Red Barber. Another case of Life following Art.

"My source for this is the estimable Professor Sara L. Barber, of La Guardia Community College, who among her other achievements is the daughter of the delight-giving Red Barber."

Fortunately, I had received a note from Red Barber in response to the column, so I had his address. I forwarded Mr. Henken's letter to him, asking if the hideous slander could be true. I couldn't believe it. In "The Catbird Seat" Thurber has a character named Joey Hart explain, "Red Barber announces the Dodger games over the radio and he uses those expressions—picked 'em up down South."

Thurber and I were both right in giving Red Barber credit for popularizing "the catbird seat" and "rhubarb," but we were wrong in our conjecture that he "picked 'em up down South."

Here's the history of "the catbird seat," in the words of Red Barber himself:

"When I was in Cincinnati, doing the Reds games, a small group of us used to play penny-ante poker. This one night—it must have been in 1936 or 1937—I could not win a pot. I got the deal—we played dealer's choice—and I named straight stud. To myself I determined to raise and reraise everybody, hoping to force a pot. This I did, and got everybody out but Frank Koch. Every time I raised, he raised back. I had a pair of eights showing with nothing in the hole. He had an ace exposed, the first card dealt faceup to him. After the final raise we turned our hole cards and Frank had another ace. As he raked in the pot he said, 'Thanks for all those raises—from the start I was sitting in the catbird seat.'

"Inasmuch as I had paid for the expression, I began to use it. I paid for it, I popularized it, and Mr. Thurber took it."

To explain "rhubarb," Mr. Barber sent me a copy of a weekly column called, naturally, "Catbird Seat," which he writes for the *Tallahassee Democrat*:

"The way this word 'rhubarb' got into our language happened because of a baseball argument in a Brooklyn bar when New York City had three big-league teams. A Dodger fan kept needling a Giant fan until the Giant fan downed his last drink, left the bar, and got a pistol. He

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returned to the bar and, without even asking for another drink, shot the Dodger fan in the middle of the stomach. Suddenly the place was quite messy.

"Tom Meany, a good old Brooklyn boy who wrote baseball for *The World Telegram* back when there was such a paper, lived around the corner from that bar. The next day Meany, as was his habit, dropped in for a snort before going home. The bartender said to him, 'Mr. Meany, you should have been here last night. . . . We had quite a rhubarb!' Then the barman told the story.

"Meany had a friend named Garry Schumacher, who wrote baseball on *The Sun*, back when there was such a paper. Meany related the story verbatim to Schumacher. When I got to New York in 1939, I used to hear Schumacher refer to arguments, squabbles, and strong differences of opinion as rhubarbs.

"When Leo Durocher would start waving his arms, kicking dirt, and vocally assaulting various National League umpires, I used to broadcast, 'As Garry Schumacher would say, quite a rhubarb!' After a while, when I felt I'd thanked Schumacher sufficiently, I just used 'rhubarb.'

"Tom Meany took his time about it, but he finally said to me, 'Look, I'm a friend of Garry's—but *I* told *him* the story.' So I credited Meany for a while, then resumed the usage of the word on its own.

"Rhubarb became a favorite word of overseas correspondents during the Second World War. So much so that *The Herald Tribune*, back when there was such a paper, ran an editorial of welcome to this word that both connoted and denoted a status of tangled affairs."

Thank you, Red Barber. I hope that puts *that* rhubarb to rest. ◉

Wit Twister No. 74
Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 62.

The teams _ _ _ _ _ in, the
pride of two proud lands.
Crowds watched the _ _ _ _
_, caught up in hope and fear;
And when the Cuban _ _ _ _
_ into the stands,
_ _ _ _ _ himself stood up
to lead the cheer.

Contributed by Sarah S. Lyon, Pomona, Calif.

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Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton

1 F	2 B	3 W	4 S	5 N	6 U		7 Z	8 O		9 Z¹	10 J	11 P		12 K	13 V	14 Y	15 L
16 T		17 A	18 D	19 X		20 H	21 X	22 G	23 E		24 Q	25 H	26 L		27 K	28 T	29 V
	30 U	31 I	32 G	33 M	34 E		35 P	36 B	37 O	38 Z¹		39 D	40 W		41 L	42 E	43 N
44 Z¹		45 Q		46 U	47 H	48 A	49 J		50 N	51 Z¹		52 E	53 P	54 K	55 W	56 G	57 D
	58 T	59 S	60 J	61 E	62 F		63 G	64 C	65 K	66 B	67 E	68 A	69 H	70 Q		71 G	72 V
	73 Q	74 U	75 J	76 E	77 Y	78 O	79 N		80 A	81 X		82 Z	83 I	84 G		85 Y	86 V
87 Q	88 J	89 W	90 L		91 T	92 O		93 S	94 B	95 C		96 J	97 Z	98 A		99 D	100 V
	101 Z	102 F	103 R	104 Z¹	105 T		106 I	107 V		108 Z	109 E		110 P	111 A	112 Y	113 L	114 X
115 W	116 U	117 R	118 H		119 Q	120 I	121 M	122 E	123 Z	124 V	125 W		126 S		127 D	128 U	129 A
130 E	131 N	132 B	133 J	134 R		135 V	136 O		137 I	138 G	139 D	140 Y	141 K		142 A	143 C	144 V
	145 Z	146 D	147 M	148 R	149 H	150 G	151 K		152 M	153 V	154 P	155 G	156 T		157 M	158 R	159 B
160 Z¹		161 J	162 I	163 G	164 H	165 Y	166 D	167 N	168 L	169 A	170 V	171 E	172 O	173 P		174 Z¹	175 H
176 B	177 O		178 K	179 Z¹	180 C	181 N	182 W	183 I	184 E	185 S	186 D	187 T	188 A		189 X	190 E	191 M
	192 K	193 O	194 C	195 F	196 Z¹	197 G	198 H		199 T	200 W		201 Y	202 B	203 A		204 Q	205 F
206 H	207 M	208 Z		209 Z	210 H		211 A	212 H	213 P	214 D	215 T	216 I					

Number 101

Instructions

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess, and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
A. Stubborn, obstinate	48 68 129 142 203 17 80 98 111 169 188 211
B. Forecasting the future	2 66 94 159 176 202 36 132
C. Capital of Meurthe-et-Moselle, France	143 180 194 64 95
D. Horribly	99 127 139 166 186 214 18 39 57 146
E. Listless	23 42 67 130 190 34 52 76 109 122 171 184 61
F. Capital of Côte-d'Or, France	62 102 195 205 1
G. Demagogue (comp.)	150 56 71 87 138 155 197 22 32 63 84 163
H. Person filling a government position	175 210 20 47 164 198 212 25 69 118 149 206
I. "Liberator of Chile" (1778–1842)	31 83 106 120 137 162 183 216
J. Haircut featuring straight bangs (2 wds.)	49 60 75 161 10 88 133 96
K. Closeness, familiarity	178 12 27 54 141 65 192 151
L. Hitches	168 15 26 41 90 113
M. Khakis	147 152 191 207 121 33 157
N. Unexpected, welcome thing or event	181 50 79 167 5 43 131
O. Wrongdoer	193 92 136 172 8 37 78 177
P. Threatens, menaces	213 35 110 11 53 154 173
Q. Deny, refuse	73 119 24 204 45 70
R. Rig, duds	103 117 148 158 134
S. "Or keep it as a cistern for foul ——— / To knot and gender in!" (*Othello*)	185 59 126 93 4
T. Additional supplementary result	91 199 16 215 156 187 58 105 28
U. Wooden shoes	6 128 46 74 116 30
V. Having or showing a definite bias or proclivity	107 29 170 144 72 153 100 13 135 86 124
W. Exemption	3 55 200 89 115 182 125 40
X. Present or immediate occasion or purpose	19 21 81 189 114
Y. Technique of painting with opaque watercolors prepared with gum	14 140 165 201 77 85 112
Z. Weapons	145 97 101 7 82 108 209 123 208
Z¹. Harmonious proportion or movement	38 196 51 104 44 9 160 179 174

Answer to *Double-Crostic No. 100* appears on page 51.

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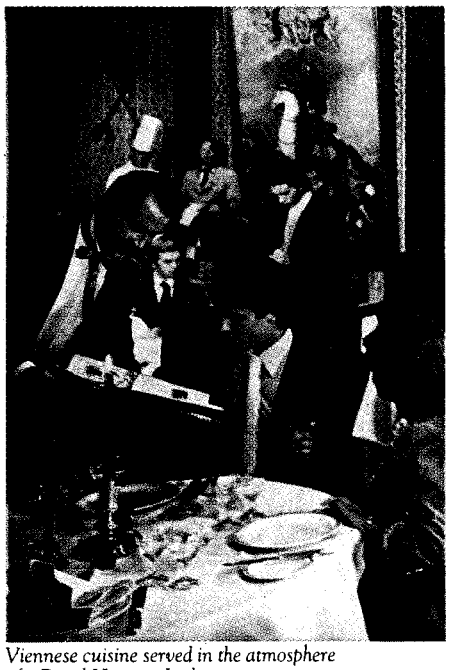

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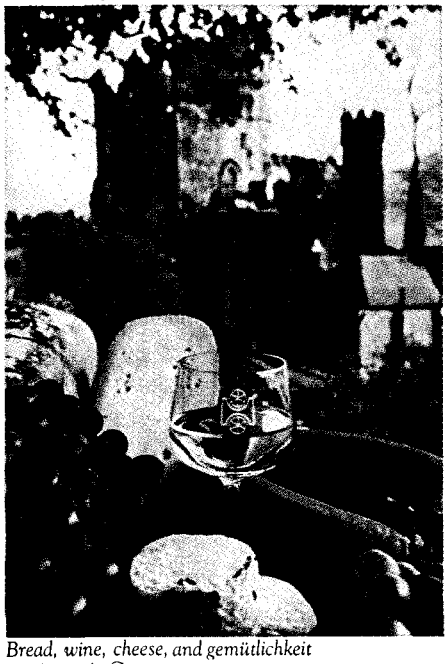

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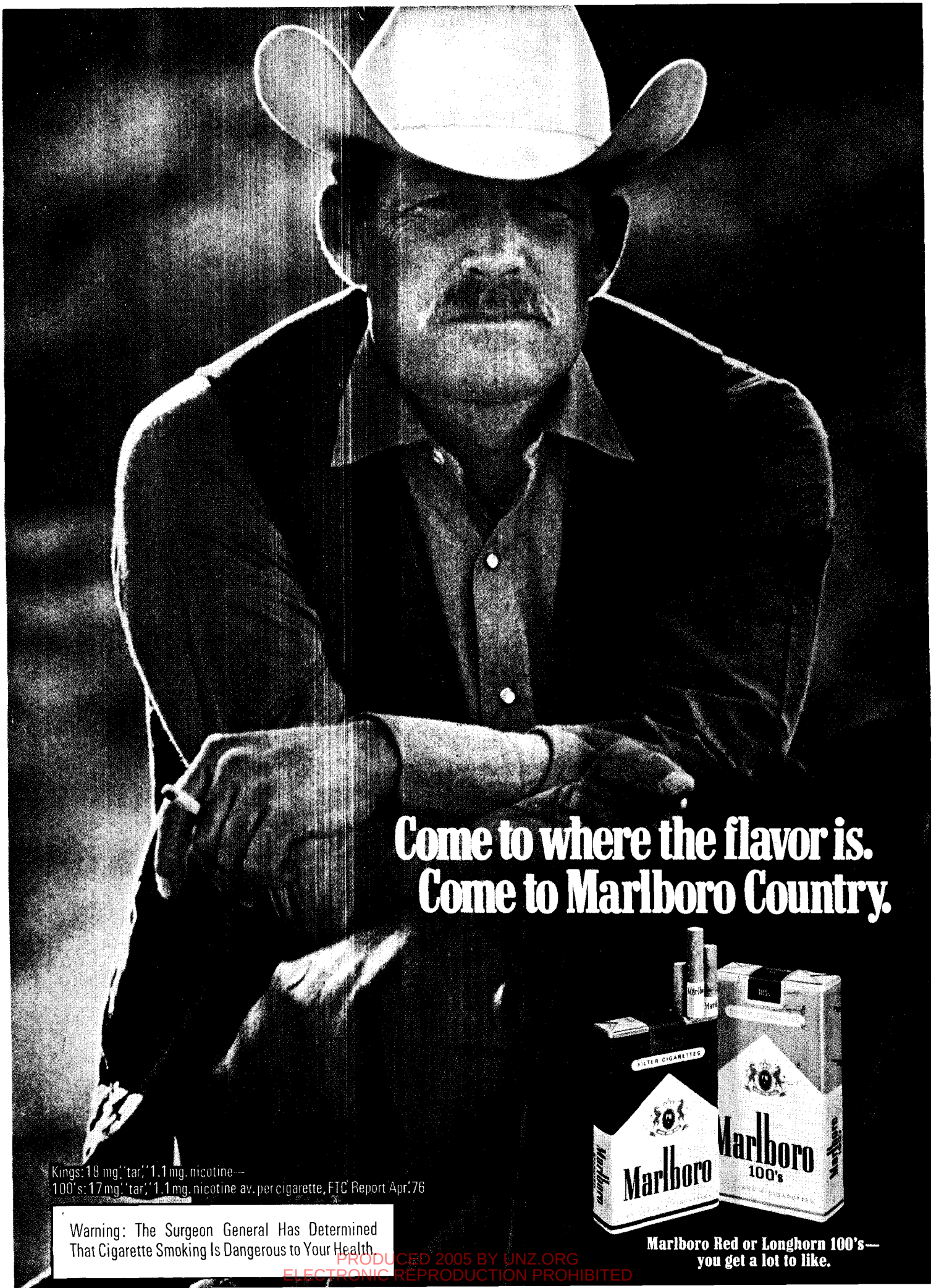
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